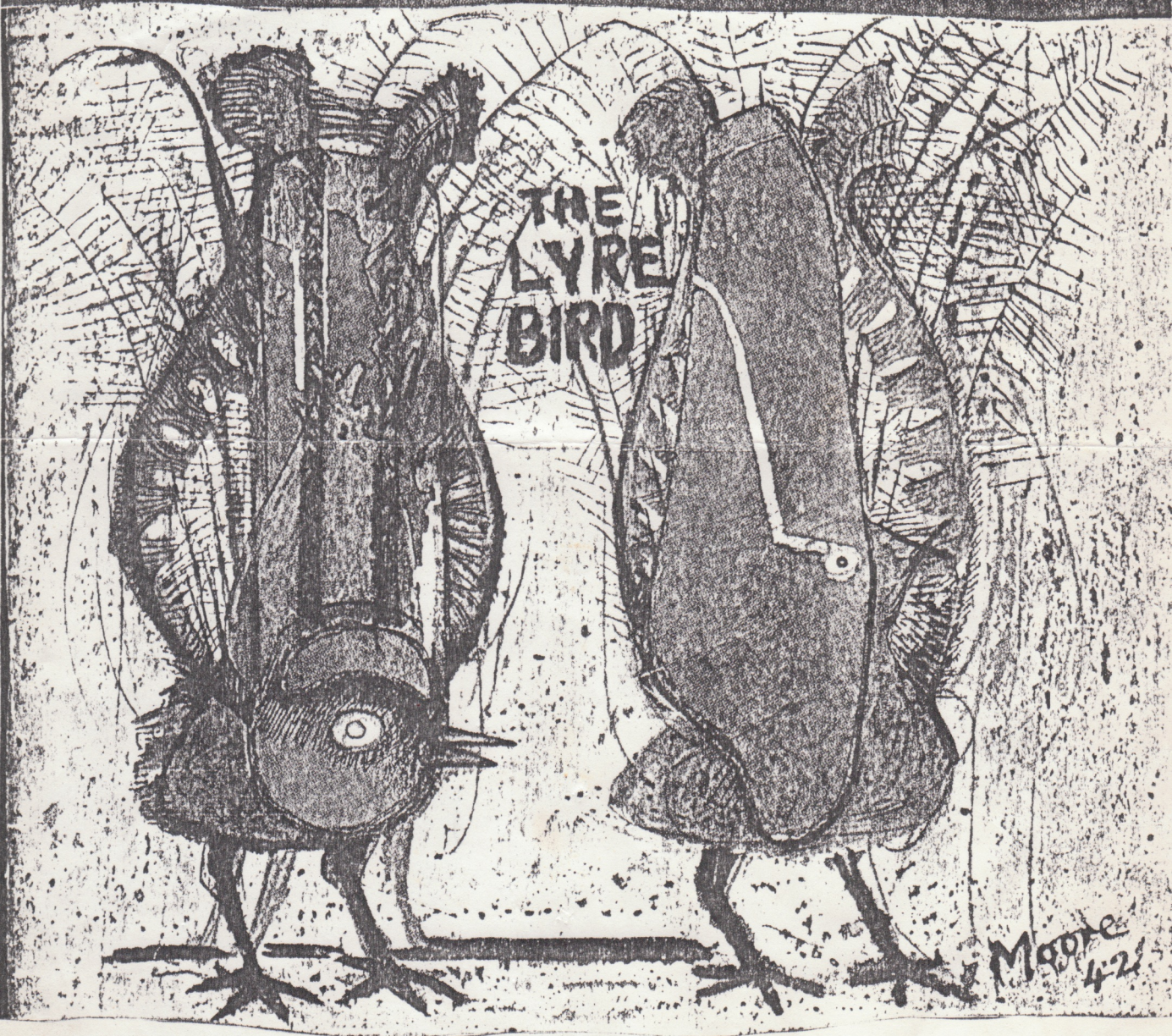
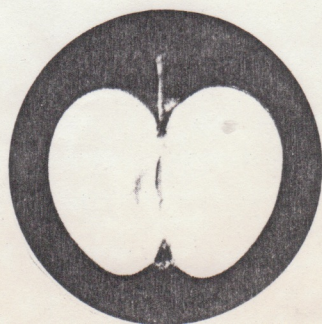


POETRY

LONDON



APPLE
MAGAZINE



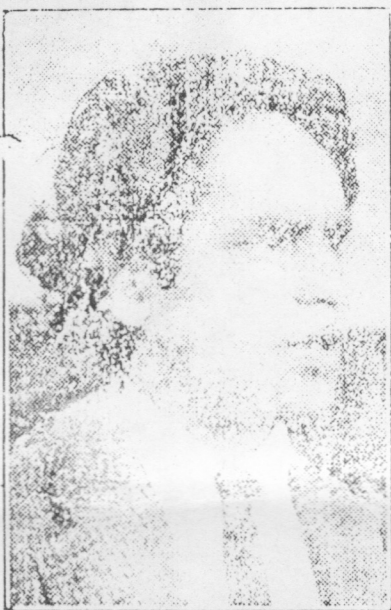
Edited by
TAMBIMUTTU



14 Cornwall Gardens, SW7 4AN Telephone 01 584 1285

A MASTERPIECE OF THE CENTURY: ART WITHOUT FRONTIERS

On a splendid summer's day, around 1970, I called on my dear friend John and Myfanwy Piper at Fawley Bottom Farm House, by Henly on Thames, in the company of the Associate Editor of Poetry London New York. John, who was expecting us, was already at the door of the ~~originally flint and red brick~~ ^{farm house of flint and red brick} ~~craftsman's or mason's~~ ^{former working farmer's} cottage which he and Myfanwy had transformed ~~over a period of nearly five decades~~ ^{into one of the warmest and friendliest of yet another} ~~international or working farmer~~ ^{master craftsman}. From pre-war days, I must confess, I have always considered John AND Myfanwy as modest ~~craftspeople~~ ^{visionary genius of} like the anonymous craftsmen of the classical periods of India. ~~which Parkin Gallery is celebrating and of today Modern~~ ^{India} The greatest Indologist of the Century Ananda K. Coomaraswamy mentor of Eric Gill (another craftsman involved with the printed word and ~~sculpture~~ ^{images} and ~~who had also had~~ ^{written} about the relationship of religion to the workman and to art) had his Why Exhibit Works 6f46? ha



Tambimuttu in Colombo today.

B.B.C. TO FEATURE POEM ON CEYLON.

Tambi arrived in Ceylon complete with a recording machine to record for B.B.C. poems and features about Ceylon for broadcast in the Third Programme in the B.B.C.

He had other assignments too to write for Vogue, The new Statesman London Observer World Review and Leader.

His comments to the reporter were that Poetry does not pay. He had personally lost 3800 pounds as a publisher in 1936. "But one cannot consider the money altogether lost because it went towards publishing literary efforts which otherwise might not have seen the light of day.

Duncan Campbell wrote from London in his London Diary to the Ceylon Observer. "Tambimuttu was offered a lecture tour in the United States where his work is well known but he turned it down because he thought it was important for him first to visit Ceylon again. Now Tambimuttu is tired of what he calls "literary midwifery" and is hoping to devote much more of his time to his own writing.

A completely unbiased view of the importance of Tambi is given by Kenneth Rexroth in a new anthology published in the United States. He writes "Speaking as an oriental with perfect confidence in his non-European background, he was able to marshal a 'history' of Western civilization in terms of causes, diagnosis, pathology, remedies and behaviour and prognosis with a cogency and insight which very few English poets could have mustered. For all the years of the war he published the best verse and the newest verse in England. Without Tambimuttu the picture might have been different, more like America, where the generation that came up during the war is still struggling for a hearing."

Campbell's Poet
Literary Digest



PORTRAIT OF TAMBI BY IDA KERR

C L A U D E ' S O W N B O O K

6 F

L O V E L Y L A D I E S

by

Tambimuttu
Himself a Lover of
Fair Ladies

1954

The Guri Press
338 East 87th Street,
New York

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2 TYPES OF KISSES

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P R E F A C E

The second sex is a mystery to Claude, as it is to most of us. It is with the hope of lifting the veil that ~~that~~ shrouds this Seat of Love, as the poets have put it, that this work was undertaken.

If this work is of the slightest use to him in the pursuit of his favourite pastime, the quest of the elusive Whole, that the Vedantists have amply explained, his friend, the humble author would have been amply repaid for his pains.

This book was specially published on 6 February 1954 so that it may be a guide to him among the dangers and pit-falls of Paris to which cess-pool of iniquity he is betaking himself on pressing business. If he should always keep this talisman with him and consult it at all emergencies, and do nothing naughty, without reference to it, the author, his friend, guarantees that it will be a sure prophylactic, panacea and boon to him in all tussles, dangerous situations, and ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ love intrigues in that dreadful city.

~~Vat~~ Vatsyayana Muni says the body must be excercized, even as you do a horse. But you can't flog a dead one said Guru Shakespeare to his people/~~s~~ referring to the English climate. In Paris one has to excercise, and the situation is fraught with danger, unlike in England. Which is the reason I have prepared this talisman or garland of verses to keep him in good health and to

(8)

ward off all cholics, fevers, distempers, nervous disorders,
dyspepsias, agues, aches, pains, head-aches, worries, anxieties,
vitamin deficiencies, heart-conditions, impaired virility,
hypertensions, over-sexed ness, ~~xx~~ amatorial chlorosis,
hangovers, nightclub fatigue, eye-strain etc. etc. etc. etc.

Tambimuttu.
Tambimuttu

New York, 6.2.54

And with Love From

صبي

I. LOVE IS SUPREME

1.

When through the urgency of great love
Women begin to do anything,
To place obstacles in their path
Even the Maker is afraid.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2. INTERROGATION

Answer me, smart youth,
The sugarcane is crooked --
Is its juice not straight?
The arch of the eye is not straight --
Are its looks crooked?
The line of the teeth's jagged --
Is the smile crooked?
The shape of the banana is arched --
Is the taste dull?
The lips are not straight --
Are kisses crooked?
The moon is not straight --
Is the moonlight crooked?
My fate is, contorted --
Is my love crooked?

Tr. from the Kannada of Gari (Feathers) by
D.R.Bendre (contemporary) by the author and
K.Raghavendra Rao.

II. SHE IS MODEST AND NOT TOO FORWARD

1.

On one pretext and another she makes visible parts of her body
 And then from ~~xxxx~~ modesty quickly covers them;
 Gives me a glance in which love is clearly there
 And then in a second withdraws it.
 When I look at her she dares not meet my eyes
 And ~~hopes~~ yet ^{hopes} that I will look at her again.
 Yes, there is love in her heart and yet
 Dares not relax her hostile state.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Chandraswamin
 by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Half her heart filled with love for her spouse
 And half with modesty;
 One eye directed towards his face
 And the other to the lattice-window;
 One foot resting on the bed
 And the other on the floor
 She is unable to remain there
 Standing, or to go away.

From the Sanscrit of Dhoyleka. Tr. by the author and G.V.Vaidya

3.

This my lotus-eyed darling,
 Screened from view in the mango-grove by tender ~~xxxx~~ leaves,
 And speaking of something, in words that are not quite clear,
 Fills my heart with a great eagerness.

Bhaskara, 9th Century. Tr. from the Sanscrit by the author
 and G.V.Vaidya.

4.

My beloved, appearing from behind dark-coloured
Plantain-leaves, and making herself visible to me,
Gladdens my heart, just as the crescent moon appearing from
behind clouds,
Gladdens the chakora * ~~xxxx~~ bird.

Translated from the Sanscrit of Jayadeva (12th Century)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

* An Indian partridge which is supposed by poets to feed on
moonlight, as the lover drinks with his eyes the radiance
of his beloved's face.

III. THE STARTLED EYES OF DOES

1. MEETING AFTER SEPARATION

When I said "You have grown very thin,"

^{she}
You came and clung to me.

"Your clothes are bedraggled," I said

And she hung her head down.

When I said "I can hardly see you,"

Her ~~xxxxx~~ great bosom heaved, and she wept.

When I embraced her

She was ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ confounded with indescribable love

And in an instant the doe-eyed girl

Was completely merged in my heart.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of poetess Marula
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

In dark girls I see your body; in the startled looks of does
your eyes,

In the moon your cheeks, in liquid peacock plumes your hair;

The play of your eye-brows, in the delicate rippling of

rivers,

But never have I, alas, ^ofiery one, found ^{all}these in one place
before.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Cent)
By the author and G.V.Vaidya

The moon-face is rather difficult to describe; but it is oval shaped without angularities, with large, expressive eyes. It is serene and tranquil like the moon.

44

Shall I enter your body?
Or shall I swallow your ladyship whole?
After a long time I get ~~back~~ you back again,
I am at a loss, really, what to do.

Lotus-Eyed, stop, please, for a moment
Tying-up beautifully those locks of hair,
For my eyes have been firmly rivetted there,
And I have been ~~slowly~~ extricating them the whole day.

Full of the sweetness of honey
Your words please my ears, O my darling,
And refreshed are both my eyes
By your face -- the Sharad* moon's reflection.

O mango blossom in Cupid's shape
With lovely eyes stretching to the ears,
Whither going after capturing my heart?
Anarchy's reigning here, don't you think?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Century)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya.

* This season stretches from October to November.

V "SMALL EARS FOR A SMALL FACE; AND SMALL ~~FACE~~^{EARS}/ALSO FOR
A BIG FACE."

GIRIKA'S EARS

Brahma, the Creator of the Universe
Formed Girika to such perfection, as had never been;
He found to his surprise that she excelled
By far, the beautiful ones, all, of the three worlds.
He put down his blessings on her forehead, in writing;
Began and ended his legend with a "Sree"*
In Telugu, and the "Srees" were her ears.
What wonder then they had not the shadow of ~~an~~ imperfection,
And spelt out immortal glory for her without a blemish?

Telugu of
Tr. from the Vasucharitram of Rama Raja Bhushana
(16th Cent.) by the author and R. Appalaswamy

* "Sree" is used in India as a honorific prefix to names of
valued books, men, heroes, kings and gods. Means "Fortune"
"Prosperity" and plain "Mister". The Telugu character for
"Sree" resembles a whorled ear.

ABOUT HER WAIST THREE FURROWS IN A ROW, LIKE CIRCLING
BILLOWS GO....

1.

Blessed are those, who seeing the figures of women with
big, unsteady eyes,
Breasts thick-set and heavy with the flush of youth,
And the three fair folds clearly circling their bellies,
Don't let their minds be ^{stirred} ~~moved~~ by Emotion.

2.
xxx

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

LOVELY

VI. BY CONSTANT MARRIAGE WITH PEARLS, THE BREASTS LOOK ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

1.

One should set up one's abode, either on the river Ganges
Whose waters have power to wash away all sin,
Or on the twin breasts of a young ~~maiden~~ woman
Which look lovely, with a pearl necklace.

Translated from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Your tied-up hair looks like Yogis, who have restrained their
passions; your eyes which seem to extend even beyond the
ears are, wise men who have mastered the Vedas;*
Your naturally white teeth set in your mouth seem, as it were,
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ as many twice-born Brahmins;
Your big breasts which look beautiful by constant marriage with
pearls seem, as it were, in constant nearness ^{to} ~~with~~ men who
have found salvation,
And yet, in spite of your body's association with all that is
tranquil, O lovely one, it ^{disturbs} ~~agitates~~ our minds.

Translated from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

3. I HAVE NEVER SEEN A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

"Never have I seen a necklace of pearls
Though I have very often heard of it."

I called to my darling and I smiled at her,
She smiled; and a necklace of pearls appeared!
~~That beauty of red coral have I not yet seen;~~

"The beauty of red coral have I not yet seen;"

And I pointed out the coral reefs
That are the red lips of my darling.

"They say there are no thornless roses;"
And I look, in silence, at my sweetheart's cheeks.

"Tell me, where is the marvellous lotus
That blooms both day and night?"
I don't speak, but point to my darling.

"Who sculpted this exquisite statue of love?"

I don't care: I only know she adorns my heart.

Tr. from the Assamese of Laxminath Bezboroa
by the author and Birinchi Kumar Barua (19th Cent.)

VII. MANY PARTS OF HER BODY ARE COMPARED TO A LOTUS

1.

Sweetheart, shift your eyes a little and shatter blue lotus
to pieces,

Pout your lower lip a little, pale coral before it;

Reveal your body a moment, ~~and~~ darken gold before it;

Look up a little, and let two moons shine in the sky.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Rajasekhara, Early 10th Cent.
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Bathed by the sunshine and having a very red glow,
With innermost anthers lit by rays reflected from your teeth,
Your mouth, dear one, is definitely a lotus,
Why not~~x~~ then, a black bee sipping honey therein?

Youthful lady, while sipping honey from your lower lip
I wish I were the King of Serpents, with a thousand ~~xxxx~~ tongues.
Embracing you I wish I were Banasura with a thousand arms,
And seeing the whole of you I wish I were Indra with a thousand
eyes.

From the Sanscrit of Shreenivaschampu, tr. by the author
and G.V.Vaidya

3.

Your face, O beautiful one is an open white lotus,

And your lower lip ~~xxx~~ ^{an} open china-rose;

Your two eyes are blue lotuses,

Your body is a lovely conjunction of flowers.

From the Sanscrit of Kalyanopadyaya. Tr. by the author and
G.V.Vaidya

4.

Coming to me quickly, beloved, with eyes beautiful as
a blue lotus

Twine your tendril-like dainty arms round my neck;

Or coming from ~~behind~~ behind with soft steps

Cover both my eyes with your delicate leaf-life hands.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhaskara (12th Century) by the
author and G.V.Vaidya

5. The trembling corners of her eyes as if of blue lotuses made;
her eye-brows of ripples of water;

Her face as if from hundreds of moons; her limbs from
lotus-stalks;

Her touch from sandal-^{made}~~paste~~; her smile as if from dew-drops;

And yet the mere remembrance of her ^{starts}~~causes~~ a throbbing
burning. Is it that she was made of fire?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kshemendra (11th Cent.) by the
author and G.V.Vaidya

6.

Strange indeed is the art of stealing you have learnt

O nimble-eyed;

In broad daylight, and when they are wide awake

You steal men's hearts, and O from a distance!

Look at me, once more, girl,

With eyes long and tapering like a lotus petal:

We have heard it long said, that in this world

Poison's an antidote to poison.

O lotus-eyed ~~xxxxxx~~ one, listen

To the slander that's being spread about you:

Throughout the world, your face with the moon

Is being ~~xxxxxx~~ linked by foolish people

Your face, my darling, is like a lotus,
And a lotus-bloom is like your face.
Ah me, if ever you hide in a drift of lotuses
How on earth shall I find you?

When will I be hovering like an attentive black bee
Over your face, maiden, that is like a lotus bloom,
Which has your lower lip for its dark petal
And is adorned with the anthers of your teeth?

Translated from the Sanscrit of Rairoopaka by the author
and G.V.Vaidya

7.

Seeing on the banks of the lake
The smiling face of a maiden;
And in the water of the lake
A blossoming lotus;
In their greed for honey, this swarm
Of silly ~~black~~ black-bees
Is flying to and fro
Between the two.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Jagannatha Pundit
By the author and G.V.Vaidya

VIII. EYES LIKE FISHES, WITH THEIR LONG FLASHING GLIDE

1. GIRIKA (From Vasucharitram)

The soles of Girika's feet are pink and smooth as coral,
 And soft as the first red shoots of leaves.
 Her face rivals the moon in brilliance,
 Has the loveliness of a lotus in full bloom.
 Her cheeks like the hemispheres of night's scented globe,
 Quite breathe the odour of light camphor.
 Her eyes petalled quick, thick as lotuses,
 Have the flash of leaping fishes.
 Her twin breasts two pitchers of the purest gold
 Spell beneficence for our whole planet:
 And high too as the temples of the Bhadra Elephant.
 Her hair suggests the thick folds of rain-charged clouds,
 And hypnotises ~~xx~~ like black Cobra with spread hood;
 Her fair form has all the properties of gold,
 And every inch of her yields champak odours.

Telugu
 Tr. from the ~~Kannada~~/of Rama Raja Bhushana (16th Century)
 by the author and R.Appalaswamy.

2.

By your looks from those eyes glancing like fish
 I have been reduced to this pitiful condition.
 Tell me then slender one, why the smile with the whiteness of
 moonlight?
 You are only grinding over and over again, what's already
 ground to powder.

From the Sanscrit of Vidyapathi (15th Century)
 Tr. by the author and G.V.Vaidya

3.

Is it the moon, the lotus, reflection in glass or a face?

Is it paired lotuses, twin fish, pair of arrows, or two eyes?

Are these mated ~~xxxx~~ birds, two nosegays, golden jars,
or breasts?

Is it a lightning streak, star, golden creeper, or a maiden?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bilhana (11th Cent.)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

IX. LOWER LIP IS THE NECTARY OF A FLOWER

The lower lip is specifically mentioned by Indian poets. It is the lower pātal in certain flowers that bear the nectaries; whence the recurring image of bees sipping honey from a woman's mouth.)

1.

Her mouth whose lower lip was time and time again screened

by her little finger

And from which came her words of refusal;

Mouth of that girl with lovely lashes curving away from her
shoulder,

Somehow raised up by me, but ~~xx~~ O never kissed!

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Cent.) by the
author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Having ~~xxxx~~ made your eyes from the blue lotus, your mouth
from the red,

Teeth from jasmin buds, lower lip from delicate foliage,

And your limbs from champak petals, how is it the Creator

Fashioned, O my darling, your heart of / stone?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Cent.) by
the author and G.V.Vaidya

3.

Your lovely lower lip, competing with a fresh china-rose
And like an opening flower -- slightly parted with your smile,
Attracting towards itself the steady stream of black bees of
the young men's eyes,
Seems to be stringing a garland of the amorous gestures of
youth.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Jalachandra by the author and G.V.Vaidya

HAIR, LIKE A SWARM OF BLACK BEES

1. X

The fall of hair of the doe-eyed
Just risen from bed and holding it
Tightly gathered in the hollow of her hand
Seemed like a thick stream of black-bees
Issuing out of a ~~lotus~~ bowl / of lotus.

Tr from the Sanscrit of Vidhitrapashu^{tr}
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2. PRAVARA AND VARUDHINI

Pravara walked on, and blown on the breeze,
He smelled the strong bouquet of musk, of camphor and betel;
By the fragrance led, he held on
And soon saw before him in a blaze
Of beauty, a Gandharva* girl as bright as lightning.
Her eyes were many-petalled lotuses and she
Had hair as black and sleek as bumble bees;
Like the full-moon her face, and her twin breasts
Were matched well like a pair of chakravaka** birds;
Her navel was deep set and of flower-loveliness,
In the full bloom of youth, and fair beyond all words.
She was relaxed on a seat of marble
Under a mango tree of thick foliage:
Red skirt showed through white folds of
White muslin saree, and her hips were large and round.

*Heavenly nymphs

**Fate separates the chakravaka birds ~~xxxxxxx~~ at night which
they spend on opposite banks of a river uttering mournful cry

The skirt's red tinged the marble a soft red:
 She played the Veena* pressed against her breasts.
 Moved with lightning motions, tapering fingers,
 Up and down strings that uttered heavenly music:
 She sang with half-shut eyes, with concentrated passion,
 With woman's passion, locked in ^{pressing} ~~urgent~~ man's embrace:
 She played with wonderful skill, and as she played
 Her tinkling wristle^{ts} kept time, and notes came fast,
 And shimmered numerous as sunlit ripples.
 Then she heard footsteps, and raising ~~xxx~~ up her eyes,
 She saw coming the lover of her dreams,
 A lover out-shining Nala*Kubara*in manly beauty.
 Her heart beat fast, her eyes ^{opened} ~~dilated~~ like lotus to the morning
 sun,
 In a clutter of enamelled petals, and O her so round breasts
 Swelled forth prickling the skin's ~~xxxxxx~~ surface,
 And her whole being kindled, longing for love's embraces.
 She saw him, she rose, and hurried
 With rustling footsteps, and her anklets tinkled,
 Her hair cascaded down, her breasts quivered, and hips swayed
 with great grace:
 She sought the vantage of a tall and slender, smooth
 Areca nut palm in flower, and by its trunk
 Stood all aflutter, and poured forth her eyes' light
 Into that river of white made by the God of Earth's approach.

From Manucharitram by Allasani Peddana (16th Cent.)
 Tr from the Telugu by the author and R.Appalaswamy.

* Stringed musical instrument

* A son of Kuvera, the god of wealth.

3. THE EVENING

The Queen of Colours bit pink the face of the sky
And it was evening, then.
On the land's edge the cloak of snow had carelessly fallen,
Now and then rising to the wind.
The full moon like the murunga flower was smiling.
It was silver above.
Stars like jasmine flowers,
Were scattered in long black woman's hair of night.
The girl with big, round eyes, whom all desire
Was returning home with a pot of water.
The path to the well, like a frolicsome kitten,
Was following her, tangling her feet, and dropping behind.
Cool winds scented with rain, often let it go.
A parrot freed from my heart was following her shadow:
Was unaware of what it was doing.

Translated from the Kannada of Gari (Feathers) by
D.R.Bendre (contemporary) by the author and
K.Raghavendra Rao.

XII. HER SLENDER WAIST, ALMOST A VANISHING LINE

RADHA MESSAGES KRISHNA

With beads of perspiration on her cheeks that shone like mirrors,
 With the musk-mark on her forehead melted and streaming down;
 With the bracelets adorning her wrists tinkling time,
 And from her eyes' fountains a great radiance pouring;
 Under the burden of her breasts, her slender waist swaying,
 Stormy like ocean, her bosom, with infinite love, and her
 waist-knot every now and then becoming undone,
 Her shoulder blades shining, and plaited hair dancing by her hips,
 Her every sigh like the breeze, rising up to high heaven,
 Did Radha with oil pressed from Champak flowers massage her
 Krishna
 To her heart's content.

From Radhika Santhwanam by the poetess Muddu Palani (c.1765)
 Tr. from the Telugu by the author and R.Appalaswamy.

XIII HIPS CURVING LIKE TWIN BANKS OF SAND

1.

Youth, like sharat,* season of the brightset moonlight,
 Came out of every inch of Girika's beautiful form.
 The river of her childhood years sank under,
 Bringing to view the boulders of her breasts;
 And on the golden sands of her shining belly
 Appeared three rippling lines, and in the middle,
 The navel suggested, a deep dark pool,
 And her hips thrust out like twin banks of sand.

From Vasucharitram by Rama Raja Bhushana (16th Cent.)
 Tr. from the/~~XXXXXXXXXX~~by the author and H.Appalaswamy
 Telugu

2.

On her lotus-like feet I am like a black bee;
 On the sand-banks of her hips I am a swan;
 On the mountains of big breasts, a peacock; on her moonface
 a chakora;**

And on the cloud of thick, massive hair, a Chataka.***

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bilhana by the author and G.V.Vaidya

* This season extends from October to November.

** A kind of Indian partridge which is supposed by poets to feed on moonlight.

*** A proud bird that will only drink drops of water from a cloud for which it thirsts with its beak open.

XIV LIMBS LIKE VINES AND TENDRILS

33

1.

Coming to me quickly, beloved, with eyes beautiful as a
blue lotus,

Twine your tendril-like dainty arms round my neck;

Or coming from behind with soft steps

Cover both my eyes with your delicate leaf-like hands.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhaskara by the author
and G.V.Vaidya.

2. ON HER FACE*

Today I saw a golden creeper wandering about the city's suburbs,
And on it eternally blooming a marvellously wonderful lotus;
On that flower two black bees and above -- crescent of
lunar fortnight's eighth night,
And on that moon a completely black cloud, brooding there
night and day.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Sri Vittoka by the author
and G.V.Vaidya

* The creeper represents a young woman, the lotus her face,
two black bees her eyes, the crescent moon her forehead,
the cloud the dark hair of her head.

1. NILA

Now Nila's speech grew sweet, suggesting the poet's figure --
 Chattering parrots pecked the red fruit of her lips;
 Her braided hair was black and long like Rahu*, the sky snake
 Come to devour the full moon of her face that outshined it.
 The down of her belly was like a long line of bees,
 Thick-swanning in file for the Suraponna blossom of the navel;
 Her feet were paired swans, moving with slow grace;
 She sang of these changes to herself, aware herself ---
 For full of youth was she, and knew the authority of her own
 charms:

Her breasts were full and round and firm out-thrust, awake,
 awake,
 Like gold lotus buds out of the depths of heart-desire's
 quiet lake.

From Radhika Santhwanam by poetess Muddu Palani (c.1765)
 Tr. from the Telugu by the author and R.Appalaswamy.

2. ANALYA

Saraswathi herself, and the other goddesses of heaven,
 Seeing the new maiden, wished they had been men.
 Analya stood, shame-facedly, and, with tapering fingers,
 As she arranged her hair, her eyes poured streams of jet;
 And when the maiden ~~gracefully~~ moved her feet, *gracefully*,
 The snow white swans which are the mounts of Brahma
 Were ^{utterly} ~~completely~~ overcome by her matchless walk
 Which far excelled their own; and knew not how ^{to} ~~hide~~ their shame.

From Analya Sankrandanam by Venkata Krishnappa Nayaka
 (18th Cent.) Tr. from the Telugu by the author and
 R.Appalaswamy.

*Swallowing the sun and moon Rahu the dragon is the cause of
 eclipses.

XV WOMAN'S A SNARE

1

They shatter with a man,
And look at another with fond gestures;
In their ~~xxxxxx~~ minds think of yet another,
Who then is loved by woman?

Bhartrihari, 7th Cent. Tr. by the author and
G.V.Vaidya

2

By their graceful gestures, by unctuous smiles, bashfulness,
hesitation,
By their side-glances from half-opened eyes, faces turned
aside,
By their sweet chatter, jealous bickering, and playfulness,
By ~~all~~, all these things, have women become the shackles of man.

Bhartrihari, 7th Cent. Tr. by the author and
G.V.Vaidya

3

Whirlpool of doubts, as it were; home of immodesty; city of
rash acts;
Collection of faults; entirely made of hundreds of faults;
~~xxxxxx~~ breeding-ground of suspicions;
Impediment blocking the entry to heaven; gates to the City of
Hell; wicker-box containing all delusions;
Who made this woman-machine composed, as it were, of nectar
as well as poison, sole snare of all creatures?

Bhartrihari, 7th Cent. Tr. by the author and
G.V.Vaidya.

XVII TOILET AND CLOTHES

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION OF THE KING AND QUEEN, AND CONFUSION
IN THE WOMEN'S APARTMENTS

One lady who held her hair in her fingers for knotting it, when she went towards the window did not bother any more, though the flowers in her hair were falling;

Another lady whose servant held her foot in her hands, painting it, withdrew it and walked with quick steps to the window, staining the whole way with marks of red lac;

Another lady having collyriumed her right eye, made straight for the window leaving the other eye undone, and still holding in her hand the collyrium-stick;

While another lady gazing through the lattice didn't bother to tie the knot of her garment which had become undone, when she walked towards it; but holding her garment with her hand, with bracelets whose shine gilt her navel, she stood still as before;

One lady's waist girdle, only half strung with jewels, was reduced to a mere string wound round her thumb when quickly she got up and walked with puzzled steps, the jewels dropping out one by one.

While another lady who suckling her child placed him on the floor in haste and went to the window, was so overcome with the flow of milk from both breasts that it sprinkled the window-sill.

From the Raghu Vamsa of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Cent.)

Tr. from the Sanscrit by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Struck by their feet* adorned with anklets and dyed with lac
Even an unliving tree puts forth flowers;
~~Meant~~ ^{With} with perspiration from their bodies
If any man is unmoved, that is truly a miracle!

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kshemendra (11th Century)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

3. PEACOCK-FEATHER EYE

O who has to the peacock given
His feathers lit with lustrous eyes
Which shed heart-moving gleams of heaven?
And when he spreads his tail fanwise
And dances with such wonderful grace
Does not in vision ~~invariably~~ rise
The beauty of Lord Krishna's face?

Sleek and mobile hues that crowd
When sunset ^{sleeps} ~~creeps~~ through folds of cloud:
Of sapphires, the liquid blaze:
The glintings and luminous replies
Of girl's collyrium-painted eyes --
Of all rich tints, the essence is
Caught fast in peacock-feather eyes.

(next stanza overleaf)

*The champak tree (Plumeria) is supposed to blossom when a young woman paints her feet with ~~xxx~~ red lac, puts anklets on them, and strikes it with her foot.

O proud, blessed peacock-feather eye
That rose in peerless abandon
From Krishna's twisted knot of hair --
In his romance you had your share :
What breath-taking images crowd
In your each fresh-revealing *shine glint*
-- Of his shrill irresistible flute-notes
-- Of beautiful women on whom song dotes!

Tr. from the Telugu of Chenta Deekshitulu
by the author and R.Appalaswamy

4.

Only in words rests their tall talk of renouncing sensual
pleasures,

These learned men whose mouths are full of what they have
only
~~mouths~~/heard;

Who is it has ever been able to renounce the haunches glinting
with ruby-set girdles,

Of women whose eyes resemble blue lotuses?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

5.

The
Doe-eyed women with hands *soft* *essence*
~~moist~~ with ~~paste~~ of fresh and pure
santal;

The mansions with flowers and fountains washed in the moon's ~~light~~
light;

Jasmine flowers, soft winds and a beautiful terrace on the
palace top;

All these help in summer to increase intoxication and love's
passion.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari by the author and

6.

With face lovely as the moon, as if made of moon-stones,

With deep-blue hair, as if made of sapphires;

With palms of her hands, lotus-coloured, made of rubies,

She scintillated as if she were made of jewels.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

Even now I remember her on her beds
 Her body distilling a fragrance of musk
 Mixed with the curdy essence of santal:
 Whose eyes while she was kissed
 Like two birds inserting beak into beak,
 Looked beautiful, with their lashes
 Shut fast, ~~pressed together~~, in her ecstasy.

I still remember her at the great moment of love
 Her slender shape and restless eyes;
 Her body balmed with musk and blend of saffron,
 Her mouth with camphor-scented betel;
 And O her lovely lower lip!

Bilhana, 11th Century. *

WOMEN PLAYING WITH A BALL

Clearly do I see, O ball, your intention
 Set on contacting the lower lip of that young lady,
 Since struck by that feminine red-lotus-like hand,
 You bound back to her, again and again.

Keeping her breasts' covering, slipping down time and again, in
 its place,
 And in its proper place each ornament that was in disorder;
 Singing softly one song and another, running higher and thither,
 She is driving forward the ball set with jewels.

Her breasts made visible with their covering slipping down;
 Thighs charmingly visible with their garment upwards flying;
 Her limbs' beauty seen to advantage, by jewels on her body thrown
 in disorder ----

Here and there wandering, with each step, she makes the hearts
 of youths also to wander.

*Translated from the Sanscrit by the author and G.V.Vaidya

From your hands' touch, O celestial one, this ball fired
with great affection,
And as if begging for leave to flirt with you falls first
at your feet;
And taking your side-glances for your consent to it,
The ball now further tries to kiss your mouth.

First holding in her hand her dress become loose, her
girdle dropping off,
Then with her chin swung backwards, pressing over the
shoulder, the skirt of her dress,
This maiden, with tossed flowers in her hair, thick tresses
dancing as she whirls about easily,
With her whole body sweating, is playing at her sweet will
with the ball.

Holding the ball in her hand which looked grimy like the moon,
overpowered by her face's beauty,
Slightly inclined her head through bashfulness and curiosity:
Who is it, she has made the receiver, of those long side--
glances?
Springing from eyes vieing with blade of golden champak,
---- tip darkened with black bee on it?

These sports of the doe-eyed, skirts dancing free, at
each turn, braids disarranged,
In which, every time the right hand is tossed, the bracelets
make a great din;
Panting, blurred words from lips; heads of hair shatter
with ball thrown nimbly to hands of the other side,
And garlands of flowers swing free ----
---- Such sports of the deer-eyed, playing with a ball, give
a lot of amusement.

Shanmasika*

* Translated from the Sanscrit by the author and G.V.Vaidya.

THE PICKLE*SLICER

The pickle-slicer went home to his wife
And said "Darling, you know how all my life
I worked at the lovely pickle-factory
And brought you pickles, pungent and savoury."
"Yes, dear," the wife said, "they came in handy
The pickled cucumbers and ~~eggplants~~ egg-plants from Kandy;
But I think a bicycle-pump would be handier,
And darling, a Jap dildol would be dandier!"
"Stop fooling, wife," said the pickle-slicer
"They've gone and fired me today, the bloomin' geysers!"
"WHAT!" said the wife, "you've worked there for twenty years
You've never been late, and you've always cleaned yor ears,
And what's more, returned the rounds of beer,
Waht'n'erth'for did they do it, dear!"
"Darling, you know the pickle-slicer, I work with
All my life I've wondered what would happen if
I put my WHAT-NOT in! Well today
I went and did it, hooray! hooray!"
"What, what," the wife cried, let me see **IT**
Is it hurt, is it injured? Is it split?"
Oh misery, show it to me, Butch,
Why man, ~~it's a fine~~ it's magnificent and whole, / ~~and~~ not a scratch!"
"Tell me, what happened to the pickle-slicer?"
"Oh, they fired her too, the bloomin' geysers."

CLAUDE DE VAUX MIEVILLE

XIX.

POEM FOR CLAUDE

Lukie says: no Catholic

Bishop, is quicker

And slicker

And thicker than you.

Ranghunath Chowdhury.

XX. TYPES OF KISSES

From "The Science of Love"

After embracing the beloved, according to the teachings of
scholars,
The lover should kiss her on the cheeks, eyes, lips and neck.

When the husband offers his lips to his wife, who is angry
with him,

And she disdains to kiss him, but lightly brushes his lips
with her own,

That is called the Restricted Kiss.

When the woman unites her lips with her lover's, he kissing her,
And she through shyness is unanswering, with trembling lips,
That is called the Kiss of Quivering Lips.

While the shy wife, with closed eyes, covers her husband's
eyes with her hands

And kissed him, that is what is known as the Stirring Kiss.

While standing or sitting beside her, he takes her chin in her
hands,

~~And the upper lip kisses: that is what the great poets call~~

And the lower lip kisses: that is what the great poets call
the Kiss Indirect.

When the husband takes her lower lip between his lips,
caresses it,

And she his upper lip, both suffused by love, and the kisses
of each other,

The Cupping Kiss then it is called:

-- And if caressing with tongues,

Then it is called the Kiss of Mouth to Mouth.

And when the husband come home, after an absence of some time,
Finds his sleeping wife alone in a secluded place, and gives
her a sweet kiss,

By the great poets it is called the Awakening Kiss, and is
the sweetest of all kisses.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Vatsyayana (1st Cent. A.D.)
by the author.

XXI RELIGIOUS SONGS

(a) NAUTCH GIRLS' SONGS

The love of Radha for Krishna is the most popular cult in India. The physical aspect of love in it is endowed with all the enduring qualities of the spiritual, and has nothing in common with the Ars Amatoria of Europe. In the Gita Govinda of Saint Jayadeva who is the object of pilgrimages to Kenduli in India, for example, is the symbol of the soul in confusion, in the incoherence of the manifold, and Radha of spiritual bliss and of absolute unity. The Hindu does not separate sex from religion, but endows it with a spiritual significance.

In the songs of the temple-dancers or deva-dasis the singer typifies the human soul that longs for spiritual bliss. The ~~xxx~~ following deva-dasi song is by Kshetranya whose compositions are classics. His songs, ~~were~~ the most popular in South India, and were sung and acted by dancing girls.

1.

My heart's friend, will you tell me who this mischief-making youngster is?

As I lay in bed he came to me, and with his bow, shot me with a shower of softest flowers,

And so the unrest in my heart!

The young fellow boldly crashed into the house in broad daylight,

Held me very tight for a moment only,

Bit my lip, and ran off with the speed of an arrow.

My heart's friend, does he think I'm his for life?

He came and I could not resist his great commanding voice,

And he set my heart floating on the honey stream of his words.

With his amorous kiss he burnt my lips,

And left me utterly alone, and unfulfilled.

Is it nothing more than his butter-stealing* boyishness?

Or does he think I'm like easy sheperdesses** he ill-uses to his heart's content?

* As a boy Lord Krishna was full of pranks and once broke the pots of milk and curds and ate the butter.

** All the shepherdesses loved Krishna, and he dispensed his favours freely. According to the Bhagavata Purana he had 16,000 and more wives.

2.

O Love, I have dyed myself in the tints of the Mountain-Lifer's*love,
And dipped my bodice in the five colours, for I am going to the dance;
There in the dance, the dance, my Master will meet me, doffing his mask-
The moon will perish, the sun will perish; and so will perish the
earth and the sky;

Wind and water will also perish; the Indestructible be unchanged.

Of constant devotion make you a lamp, placing the wick of the mind
in it;

From the ~~xxx~~ bazaars of love bring oil, and it will burn both day and
night.

To those whose darlings are in far places, the dear ones post letters:

But my Darling lives in my heart, and I neither arrive or depart.

Having ~~winded~~ ~~wined~~ my friends are drunk, but I am drunk day and night.

I live no more with my husband's mother or my own,

-- The true Teacher's word is now my faithful companion.

O this house belongs neither to You or me:

For Mira** has dyed herself in the love of Hari!xxx

3.

Stabbed is my heart

With the dagger of love, of love, ~~of love~~

I had gone to draw water

From the river Jumna,

On my head

The gold pitcher.

Hari*** bound me with a slender

Thread;

*Krishna lifted the mountain Govardhana
** The poetess herself.
*** ~~Krishna~~ Another name for Lord Krishna.

I go wither he pulls me by the string.

O Mira's Lord, Giridhar Nagar,*

So beautiful is your dark face!

4.

Ever since my eyes saw the darling of Nanda,* O mother,

This world, and the further world, have lost their charms for me.

On his head a peacock crown glints like the moonlight,

And charms the lodgers of these worlds, with the saffron spot on
his forehead.

His cheeks shine with the the glinting of his ear-rings;

His eyebrows are curved; and there is the mark on his brow.

In his eyes is a spell which makes the wag-tail, the black bee,

The fishes, and the young deer, all forget themselves.

Shapely is his nose, and his neck with three lines on it;

In the role of a miming actor, he looks so beautiful.

Red like the bimba fruit are his lips, eyes red as morning,

His laughter is so soft and melodious,

-- And his teeth of pomegranate flash like lightning.

Trinkets make a belt for his waist

And tinkle melodiously.

O to each single limb of the Mover of the Mountain Govardhana

Mirabai gives herself as offering!

Translated from the Hindi of Princess Mirabai (c.1516)
by the author.

*Refers to Lord Krishna lifting Mountain Govardhana.
*second asterisk, the cowherd by whom Lord Krishna was brought up.

(c) SONGS TO KRISHNA (Contemporary)

Love,
I am more a-quiver than the plantain leaf;
Love has made me more liquid than the gently flowing
Water of a stream,
O player on the flute!*
Your notes move, pine-scented, as the mountain-breeze,
And my heart-beats, changing ever, hark to those heart-beats
With all their concentrated force.
Love-lost,
Your anguished sigh or its echo
Electrifies my hair,
As on a full-moon night,
The sea-tide tells to kiss it. w/

Tr. from the Hindi of Dineshnandini Dalmia by the author.

* Krishna. He is mostly represented playing the flute.

1

You are delicate like a pink cowrie that the flower hands of the
ocean have deposited on the shore

And I am afraid to touch you with my passion lest you crumple like
an earthenware pitcher under the wheels of the juggernaut
in which Our Lord visits the bazaar

So let me hold you in my hand my Naya like a heap of pomegranate
seeds that I am reluctant to eat because they are beautiful
to look at

And let me twine around you like the flame of a giant creeper
that clings in a delirium of happiness to the bosom of a tree
in the jungle

For I want to have you Naya, delicately in my blood, like the
spices that breathe impalpably in the Moorman's muscat and
his sherbet wine

And I want to breathe and throb and live and die with you in
a loneliness

For you are the dark oil within the bowl and I the wick

And how shall I ever burn without you?

Tambimuttu, Ceylon, 1936

2

Can you hear my heart beating at your window Naya?

You say it is only the monsoon rain

Did you not know I was the wind and the clouds and beetle*black
darkness

Before I was born?

Can you hear the murmur of water slipping among the peacock
reeds my Naya?

Do not tell me it is only the stream

For I was a sun-kissed stream in the mountains before you
were born

And I know it is my love ~~that is deep~~ that is deep.

Can you feel my lips on your lotus feet my Naya?

I was also the dew in the grass

And when you sleep among the hot-mingling grain and the sun-spurts

Remember, you are resting on my heart

Tambimuttu, Ceylon, 1936

3

Your face was golden like the tea-blossom my Naya that moon-
burned night we lay beside the canna bed behind the white-
man's stately park

And we ~~Whispered~~ our first love to each other ~~xxxxx~~ very
softly, like two winds straying into a corn-fied hand
in hand and shaking the rice-ear-anklets to an ecstasy

And when I felt your wet lips cling to mine with the dense
passion that is born of holy love, I looked up to see your
face that was golden like the tea-blossom

And all I saw was a mysterious waste of darkness with two
still-watered pokunas* that were your eyes

And now that you are absent from my arms and the moon is
resting on the palm, a bright-veined rose-petal on
unflowing water

My heart is cracking like a dry stick ~~be~~ beneath the weight of
this loneliness too lonesome to bear because it is the
loneliness beloved

For you

Tambimuttu, Ceylon, 1936

* Pools of water

4

Reposeful cow-bells are tinkling like stars where soft-folded
ground is a quietness of spurting grass
And a violet ring-dove in the brave-fingered palmyrah coo/s
of the yearning that is born in things of the earth for
each other as the lips of the sunset stain the hills
and the sea
So steal into my heart my Naya with the surge of the conch
that the holy Brahman is blowing to to our many-handed
God in the darkness of the temple
Steal like the brave-timid wind stealing into the bosom of
the jasmin beds or a secret snake into the darkness of
a soft-fleshed mystery

Tambimuttu, Ceylon, 1936

14 A

J. MacLaren Ross' ~~book~~ short story about me (~~which the Odd Mr Todd, as~~

~~xxxxxx~~ from which the Odd Mr Todd, as a shorter short ~~story~~.

I called Ruthven Todd, ~~extracted~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ story about me ~~xxxxxx~~ for the FITZROVIA and the Road to the YORK MINSTER, An exhibition at The Parkin Gallery, ~~xxxxxx~~ 1973 most beautifully and expensively ~~produced~~ produced brochure, ~~xxxxxx~~ (printed The John Roberts Press, London, on fine ~~Basingwerk~~ Basingwerk parchment, the very same paper I used for the first number of Poetry London and published by Michael Parkin Fine Art Limited

in which, and in Punch, he says I claimed to be a Prince of Ceylon

Julian

Tambimuttu and the Progress of Poetry London

J. MacLaren Ross' short story about ~~xxxxxx~~ me in his Memoirs of the Forties

(from which the Odd Mr Todd, as I called Ruthven Todd, extracted a shorter

short story about me based on actual fact since I had done it to the

Wilde J.M. Ross having transmogrified it ~~in~~ - painter Gerald/ ~~xxxxxx~~ in high fun one night at The Wheatsheaf, ~~xxxxxx~~

~~xxxxxx~~ Gerald and I had

high jinks every night throughout the war on the plentiful money provided

are for me by the generous Messrs Nicholson and Watson - if we ~~were~~ to believe

~~Ruthven~~ Rivvy I mean, this passing ~~xxxxxx~~ the hat around for ~~xxxxxx~~

good old Gerald every night ~~xxxxxx~~ night - ~~xxxxxx~~ promised in his not to cheat by stealing from others who have looked at the site from ~~ignarant~~ article - ~~he was~~ never a denizen of Fitzrovia preferring

to hide in other people's offices like Grigson's, John Lehmann's,

Cyril Connolly's and mine/ or sheltering under the wings of my dear friend

in his jolly old hole The Fargoyle Club, the Hon. David Tennant/ while casting a wicked eye on his wife, the

Betty Tennyson-Jesse, present Marchioness of Bath and my secretary/ as he confesses in this

same article) had the old Royal circles ~~xxxxxx~~ a flutter (the Sinhalese are

Dravidians too, like me, not Aryans which only means noble/ which I am

through ~~xxxxxx~~ out motto Raja Madavaliyar Arya Kulathar/ whence

Sinhalese names like Senanayake and Bandaranake/ Nayak/ ~~xxxxxx~~ they

are ~~xxxxxx~~ of the Nayak caste/

offspring of a Brahmin and a lower caste lady - Tony Dickson has been

working on both Noemi's as well my my genology/ ~~xxxxxx~~ to show we are

related, the theme of my novel Noemi, the same two people/ ~~xxxxxx~~ centuries

55

There was a chap called Claude Miéville
Who was always after Lys Dunlap's navel;
Then he met a girl with beautiful Anne Winters,
But he plonked for the youlas attached to pepperminters.

Rangunath Chowdhury.

XXIII WOMAN'S SONG

SEPARATION

xxxxx(Poems of separation were popular with Sanscrit poets.)

I did not put the garland round his neck
Who was afraid of being kissed;
Now between us, alas, have intervened,
Mountains, rivers and trees.

The moon's sphere seems the bulb of a poison plant,
The Spring an elephant, trampling the compassionate lotus;
Like Cupid's dagger seems the Night to me.
What is there yet for the Maker to do?

How much of moonlight can chakora* birds drink?
Why were not elephants given this task by the Maker?
If they filled their trunks with the moonlight
The moon would have lost its light, entirely.

Arrows wedged in a vital part of the body
Are extractable with the aid of a magnet;
But when man enters the heart of a woman
No help is there ~~in there~~ for driving him out.

two people *in this century*
 ago being the same *through Darwinian change of genes in this*
 shown ~~characterization~~ *gradual change in the characters*
 century, to be ~~xxx~~ *by characterization of people throughout the*
throughout the in the 30 or so planned volumes,
 ten centuries, a massive undertaking!

Julian's

And J.M. Ross' story caused a dashing skirmish in the pages of
 the Government paper, The Ceylon Daily News among rival ~~xxx~~
 scholars, who finally decided I was in their own words "the great
 great, geeat, great, great, great, great grandson" ~~xx~~ of
 Pararajasekharan VIII. Which proved of great interest to me in
~~New York~~ *of New Directions* where they like such things and James Laughlin
 told The New York Times to put down Prince Tambimuttu in the
 obituary on Dylan Thomas but that was only because I had my first
 name on my notepaper as Thurairajah as Ronald Bottrall from Rome
~~testily~~ *reads* pointed out in his letter to the London Magazine
 of February 1966. The first article ~~xxx~~ rather extrodinarliy
 like Genesis and I am reproducing it in facsimile, one of ~~eight~~ *ten*
 articles on the subject in The Ceylon Daily News:

Have not the magoes blossomed and Hankellis grown

bunches of flowers?

The Patashas reddened everywhere, as if with red lead flecked?

Have cuckoos quite forgotten to sing and south-wind to blow

Since there is no news from my carefree darling, from

where he is now?

Let the fat black bees fill the grass-lands with their

buzzing,

The wind of the sandal-forest, blow gently, O gently,

Drunken cuckoos sing Panchamas (notes) from the mango-tree tops,

And ~~xxx~~ let my many lives (rebirths) hard as sapphire, pass

away quickly, quickly.

Let my body perish; the five elements ** of which it is

made return to their originals;

Yet O Lord of Creation, laying my head on your feet I ask

this of you today:

Make me the water of my husband's wells, the light in his

mirror,

The tent of his sky over the house, the earth of his paths,

the wind of his fan.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bilhana (11th Century)
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

T H E E N D

* See note on page

** Earth, water, light, air and sky.

where he said, ~~Philip lived incorrectly~~, Philip lived. It was Patrick de Maré, currently a psychiatrist in Upper Harley Street, who answered the door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some years later ^{confessed to} ~~told~~ me that as I crouched by his gas fire on a brown poof he thought I was either God or the Devil. It was in Pat's flat a few days later that I met Stephen Spender who contributed to the first number of Poetry London published exactly a year ^{after my arrival in London} ~~later~~ in January 1939, and the poet Gavin Ewart who ~~was~~ was ~~appointed~~ appointed Production Manager of the three publishing houses I had founded ^{in Britain:} Editions Poetry London, Mandeville Publications named after the Mandeville Hotel/where I entertained ~~writers~~ ^{friends} like T.S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis Henry Moore ~~xx~~ and Lawrence Durrell, and William Campion named partly for the son of my new partner Richard March and for one of my secretaries Betty Campion Jesse whose name should survive in the annals of English Literature through her association with ^{Keith Douglas, the most interesting} ~~the most~~ poet ~~xxxxxxxx~~ to lose his life in ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ World War II.

producing his walking stick with a flourish. His house keys were attached to its crook with bootlace and a sheaf of poems were neatly wrapped round the stem ^{and} held together with rubber bands. I recognized at a glance that the 'poems' were 'occasional' schoolboy scribblings, jottings in a schoolboy script, flagrantly romantic, and almost illiterate.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to strips of red cloth he had wired into the lapel of his rust red overcoat which, balanced incongruously on top of a rusty bicycle, was a well known feature of Fitzrovia in those days. "It's the flaming torch I am carrying around the world." Below the 'torch' he sported a nut and bolt secured right through the coat's fabric. "It's the right nut ^{explained.} screwed in the right way," Redvers ~~declared.~~ I was most surprised to hear that this first ^{ever} English Bohemian I had met, my introduction to Fitzrovia, was also a qualified solicitor who had inherited his father's law practice in the City. "You must leave your hotel at once and I'll find you a room in the Howland Street house where I live. And I'll introduce you to Philip O'Connor tomorrow. He is a real poet, you know. See you at noon at Madam Buhler's. She is Swiss and her son Robert Buhler is an up and coming painter of these parts."

I never met the Garbo-ish lady again or discovered who she was. In all probability she was the midnight stripper in The Blue Angel nightclub I had heard of, and Redvers seldom missed that ecstatic moment when, according to reports, everything came off. I was destined never to see that act since the club must have been shut down ^{soon afterwards by} ~~by~~ the police. ~~very soon afterwards.~~

The Post Office Tower has today erased the houses of Howland Street; and Madame Buhler's, where writers, editors and artists met over aromatic cups of Continental coffee in this ^{cozy} ~~tiny~~ annexe of the old Scala Theatre building, ^{shining with brass,} has similarly vanished.

I called at Madame Buhler's the next day for my appointment with Redvers and Philip O'Connor, and noticed a slouched, sandalled, and long-haired figure with intense eyes and pursed lips, who surveyed the place like a vinegary monarch, took one pippy look around and then walked out as casually as he had sailed in. I correctly guessed he was the poet whose explosive ex-rational and poetic images, tinged by what Indians call rasa or poetic taste (literally, taste in the mouth) were already familiar to me in the literary periodicals of the time. His work was by no means as consistently good and needed careful editorial selection. And since Phil was consistently losing his typescript, some years later I used to pay his second wife, Maria, every time she brought some poems to my office in Manchester Square to add to the growing collection in my cupboard.

Redvers was sorry he was late, and suggested I called at 4, Fitzroy Street, where, he said, Philip often holed up. It was the Apollonian Patrick de Mare with an aureol of blond curly hair who is currently a psychiatrist and a French button accordionist of some distinction for relaxation in the cafes of Hampstead, according to recent newspaper reports, who answered the door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some months later confessed to me in 'The Country Pub' in Rathbone Place that as I crouched by his gas fire on a brown pouf he thought I was either the Devil or Something Else. This strange belief of Pat's, the son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant, Bror de Mare, the shadowy and legendary jarl or 'Earl' of the Scandinavian Society of Britain (the painter Sven Berlin

dropped in
I called ~~at~~ ^{PARA} Madame Buhler's the next day for my appointment with Redvers and Philip O'Connor, and noticed a ^{hunched-up,} ~~slouched,~~ sandalled, and ^{his high cheek-bones rotating on his tense cobra neck,} long-haired figure with intense eyes and pursed lips, ^{his high cheek-bones rotating on his tense cobra neck,} who surveyed the place like a vinegary monarch, took one peppery look around and then walked out as casually as he had sailed in. I correctly guessed he was the poet whose explosive ~~ex-rational~~ and poetic images, tinged by ^{what Indians call} ~~rasa~~ or poetic taste (literally, taste in the mouth) were already familiar to me in the literary periodicals of the time. His ^{poems were} ~~work was~~ by no means as consistently ^{well written} ~~good~~ and needed careful editorial selection. And since Phil was consistently losing ^{of} his typescripts, some years later I used to pay his second wife, ^{who is the Secy H of day,} Maria ^{round} every time she brought some poems ^{to} my office in Manchester Square to add to the growing collection in my cupboard.

Redvers was sorry he was late, and suggested I called at ^{the flat's occupant} 4/ Fitzroy Street, where, he said, Philip often holed up. It was ^{the} the Apollonian Patrick de Mare with an aureole of blond curly hair who is currently a psychiatrist and a French button accordionist ^{running} of some distinction ^{a cafe in} ~~for relaxation in the cafes of Hampstead,~~ ^{Girls thought of him as the most handsomest chap in the Fitzroy area & those days when the path spended a close second} according to recent newspaper reports, who answered the door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some months later confessed to me in 'The Country Pub' in Rathbone Place that as I crouched by his gas fire on a brown pour he thought I was either the Devil or ^{one} ~~Something~~ Else. ~~[This strange belief of Pat's, the son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant, Bror de Mare, the shadowy and legendary jarl or 'Earl' of the Scandinavian Society of Britain (the painter Sven Berlin~~

This strange belief of Pat's, the son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant, Bror de Maré, the shadowy and legendary Jarl or 'Earl'

or the Scandinavian children all over Britain (the painter Sven Berlin Sven Berlin who is of Swedish extraction and wrote the monograph on/ the Cornish primitive

Alfred Wallis for me was overcome with emotion when I took him along to meet this legend of his childhood in his Knightsbridge apartment

-- Broré, as we called him affectionately, this tall, very shy man

who was always embarrassed by the fact that he had to wear the Viking Berserks helmet with horns at the annual dinners of the ~~xxxxxx~~ and Vikings of Britain

Club/- the ~~xxxxxx~~ berserk was the strong, brawny man who headed

the Viking warriors mowing down everybody ~~xxxx~~ who stood in his path with

his double-edged sword) did prove to be of some use to Pat just before the

start of the Second World War.

never was sorry he was late, and apologized I called at
A. Pittory Street, where, he said, Philip often called up. It was
the Apollonian Patrick de Maré with an air of being only half
who is currently a psychiatrist and a friend of mine
of some distinction for relaxation in the case of his
according to recent newspaper reports, and answered the door bell.
"Go come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and went behind the
continued to me in 'The Country Inn' in Highbury Place that he
frustrated by his gas fire on a brown point he thought I was either
the Devil or something else. This strange belief of Pat's, the
son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant, Bror de Maré, the
shadowy and legendary Jarl or 'Earl' of the Scandinavian children
of Britain (the painter Sven Berlin

St. George's Hospital, Pat had decided to throw medicine to the winds to pursue a career as a button accordionist in the cafés of Paris - a truly romantic and Pat-like decision. He was upset over a girl called Nina and wished to flee as far away from her as possible. When Anthony Dickins, who subsequently founded Poetry London with me a few months later, brought me ^{the news} I promptly called on him from nearby Whitfield Street to extract a promise from him that he would do nothing of the kind ~~and~~ but would continue with his studies at St. George's. But, then, Tony's angry block burst into my room later that afternoon like a fighting bull with a ^{like punctuation marks in his sentences} startling fire in his grey-blue eyes which he sports even today when he gets excited over some topic in our conversation, or after a brilliant ^{fingers flying into the air or thrusting back the strands of} musical performance, flushed and excited in ^{characteristic} Tony fashion. "Pat is packing his books for Messrs Foyle's. The chap is leaving," he ~~shouted~~

fingers flying into the air or thrusting back the soft gold strands of his fine hair: "The chap is leaving," he shouted. "He is packing his books for Messrs. Foyle's." I hurried back to 4 Fitzroy Street, ^{once more again} and as I refurbished ~~xxxx~~ ^{his empty} bookshelves ~~again~~ ^{just} from his open suitcases, Pat ^{had sat there} ~~sat~~ dumbfounded on that very same brown pouf by the gas fire I ^{had occupied} ~~was occupying~~ for the first time, on my first visit. He did not utter one sound during my entire bizarre performance. "You promised to stay," I explained, and grabbing Nina by her arm literally dragged her down the narrow stairs and pavement to the more ^{spacious} ~~entrance~~ to 8 Fitzroy Street two houses away. Nina was a rather unattractive, ^{and dumpy} ~~xxxxxxxx~~ bespectacled, frowsy-haired and vociferous/Continental - our ^{friends} ~~Circle~~ ^{about Nina and Pat -} always wondered ~~what she had for Pat that other girls hadn't~~ - and she was being ^{most} ~~very~~ argumentative. ~~xxxx~~ "You must think of what's ^{men} best for Pat," I kept repeating manou^{vering} her past the ^{narrow, ascending} ~~stairs~~ which led to the first floor back studio where Duncan Grant lived with Vanessa Bell. ^{I had to keep the peace in that house when we had many a late night gathering of poets & writers.} I had a key to the old James McNeill Whistler ^{front} ~~studio in front~~ from the poet and painter Benny Beaumont (Count Rakozzi) who ~~lived in~~

Manoeuvre Manouevring

(follow up of p. 39 of previous typing)

28A 40

more a first glimpse of even to return to the old at the time.

I slipped in for fifteen minutes, or more, depending on the state of my inebriation and the availability of ^{precious} ~~valuable~~/drinking hours, by slipping half a crown (about 15p. today) to the ushers who knew me well and ^{stood behind} ~~stand behind~~ the last row of seats, or ^{sat} ~~sit~~ in the front row, as I pleased. Once Constance was bowing to his audience, to their applause, head bobbing up and down, and I told Stewart Scott, my buddy of the times, "Dear, old Constant is ^{bowing to us} ~~acknowledging our presence~~," it was part of the music, part of the ballet, part of our entry. (I did not of course know ~~dear~~ dear, old Constant, but I drink ^{nowadays} with his exquisite china-doll wife, Camilla, who was a ballerina, round the locals of my current Cornwall Gardens residence in Kensington). ^{The} ~~And that~~ night they performed my friend Edith Sitwell's Facade (she once threw one of her famous Sesame Club tea parties for me) I pretended to be an ~~Indian~~ ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

an Indian ignoramus, and in loud tones in the bar, so everybody could hear, kept on repeating, "to Stewart Scott shaking my dingley-dell head." "My, Stew I loved that fukaid," ~~xxxxxx while keeping xxxxxx them all in view~~
I hitched to the corners of ~~xxxxxx~~ sewing machine eyes. A variation included operatic nights, ~~hip-flask in pockets~~ at the Cambridge Theatre ~~xxxxxx~~ to hear the lady for whom the theatre had been built at Seven Dials junction ~~for~~ ^{in Upper} St. Martin's Lane by the rich man ^{Ralph Pomeroy} whose wife she was and who had made themselves an extraordinary bed in the large shape of a swan. ~~I liked going there to wonder what it floated on.~~ ^{often wondered} I liked best going there when the ballet was on in the company ^{of Marjorie Osborne,} of the Australian lady who manged his ~~money~~ money for him since I could meet them ~~all~~ in the living flesh: Chauvire, Renée Jeanmaire, Lelie Caron, ^{a wonderful} a ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ thoughtful thing to do since I liked the gamin^e Caron and called ~~her~~ her with my wife Salla when we were in Hollywood and they took very nice pictures of us and George Murphyyx ~~Cine-Actors Union~~
Murphy, President of the ~~Cine-Actors Union~~ (New a Senator) for us to send home to prove we had met the Caron, as well as George ~~xxxxxx~~ and Otto Preminger. ~~with his bald and lovely head~~

Star of
Broadway
Follies,

^{Soon}
/ My Country Pub ~~soon~~ got even more crowded than the Fitzroy and
and The Wheatsheaf. And it was time for us to move on/ again.

Years after the end of the War, I was walking down Rathbone Place one evening towards The Wheatsheaf and in front of me there were a young couple. And I heard the young man tell his girl friend, "Come on, Marv, Let us go to The Country Pub for a drink." It was a circle ~~some years earlier. Truly life is truly cyclic.~~ round the inner circle I had drawn. Truly life is ~~cyclic~~ cyclic, as Tambimuttu told us in wartime London.

I hope it is understood from this article that Fitzrovia had no topographical or geographical boundaries. Stewart ~~xxxx~~ Scott, who was discharged from the regular Indian Army after being reduced to Private from the rank of Captain for having danced girls in his bungalow and/or for plotting ^{worse,} ~~to~~ ^{to escape to Tibet} with two brother officers (the other two got away) used to ^{turn up} ~~travel down~~ by taxi every day from Hampstead, Highgate, ^{or in the village of St. John's Wood} ~~Hammersmith~~, wherever he happened to be for breakfast with us in a cafe in Charing Cross Road. This was during my 8. New Row period ^{almost daily} ~~at cetera~~ among the night-time pee puddles, when I ran ^{into} Laurence Olivier ~~xxxx~~ down the ~~xxxx~~ ally that ^{pee} connects St Martin's Lane with Charing Cross, ~~among the night-time~~ puddles. ~~Read~~ The Cylonese William Saroyan admired by E.M. Forster as well as Harold Acton with his wine-red scarf and Buddha face, dream man of our pretty girls ^{and men,} a barrister ^{from Lincoln's Inn} who cruised ^{on my way to} ~~meet Stewart~~ ^{inter alia.}

into the harbour of every pub like a velvet pussy cat luxury liner with all her lights on, regular as clockwork round the pubcrawl, by which ^{habit} ~~he~~ ^{my friend} was trapped by me since he did not keep appointments with/P.Saravanamuttu, Tea Commissioner ^{of} ~~from~~ Ceylon, his father's emissary, the father writing to me please send my son home, ~~I was~~ ^{was my friend,} a ~~friend~~ of your grandfather, his doctor fiancée arriving with her doctor husband and crying right in front of my eyes, I sleeping ~~at~~ across the door of the bedroom where ~~his~~ he spent his last night with the utterly beautiful Katharine from Scotland with auburn hair, seeing him into the cousins' car ^{before I left for my office,} to his doom in Ceylon, before I left for my office, Subra dashing down from Jaffna to Colombo on my arrival in 1950, "you sent me down here, now ^{please} ~~take~~ ^{your} me back," Subra of the Beautiful Face with ~~his~~ raven looks and Buddha's eyes, ~~xxx~~ gentle manners, drinking yourself ^{in the Arizona Bar in Jaffna,} to death/on poison arrack, which ^{also} killed my elder brother in New York, at least I brought you a bottle of whiskey ^{ever find you with this} to atone, and my uncle Ratna couldn't ~~find~~ you until I told him about the Arizona Bar, I know now why my letters from America were ignored by your ~~ix~~ relatives,

Redvers was the ^{shine} ~~gloss~~ and Subra the substance of Fitzrovia. ~~Exdmbtxwhethterxxxxxxkx~~ There would never have been a real Fitzrovia without Subra, Stewart Scott, Gerald Wilde, Alan Ross, David Wright, John Heath-Stubbs, Dylan Thomas, Julius Horwitz, Russell Croft, the Hon. David Tennant, Boris Watson, Harry ^{LOHMER} ~~Lomer~~, Hermione Baddeley, Pauline Tennant, Omar Ali Chowdry, Haruvu, Mushrif Haq, Joan Wyndham, Mary Hunt, Nanos and Anne Valaoritis, Lucian Freud, Johnny Craxton, Harold Musson, ^{Betty Pasonka,} Osbert Moore, Bim Warth, Andrea Cambas, Roy Campbell, George and Paddy Fraser, Erik de Mauny, Augustus John, ^{and Brenda} Kathleen Raine, Cyril Connolly, John Lehmann, Peter Watson, ^{Sir Napier Dean-Paul,} Sonia Brownell, George Orwell, ^{Paula + Larry Lawrence than I am a Peter} Bernard and Nora Spencer, Bernard and Ines Burroughs, Michael ^{Red} Cacoyannis, ^{Willy Gardiner} Lawrence Durrell, Nina Hamnett, Tony Dickins, Ironfoot Jack, ^{BCHY} Aleister Crowley, John Symonds, Keidrych Rhys, Lys Lubbock, T.S.Eliot (in the Bull in the Mouth in Bloomsbury way, ^{only I knew} D. Wyndham Lewis, Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, Robert ^{MacBryde} MacBryde, Robert Colquhoun, John Minton, Hector Whistler, Benny Beaumont, Pat de Mare, Eric de Mare, ^{Betty de Mare} ~~Brita de Mare~~, Louis MacNeice, William and Hetta Empson, ^{Kurtis M. Mervyn Jones-Evans, Michael Nelson} Biddy Crozier, David Gascoyne, Sylvia Gogh, Prince Monolulu, ~~Biddy Crozier~~, Brian Howard, Virginia Tennant, Rosemary Strachey, Paul Potss, Jean Hoare, Philip O'Connor, Hugh Gordon Porteus, ^{Betty de Mare} Rayner Heppenstall, Terence Tiller, Reggie Smith, Michael Swan, Olivia Manning, Anna Wykeham, J. MacLaren Ross

J, MacLaren Ross (Cyril Connolly had asked me show his young contributor ~~xxxx~~ just arrived ^{from} France round London. I took him on a sample ~~xxxx~~ pubcrawl ^{and when he expressed dissatisfaction} and told him he would get Sohoitis and stick there for ~~xxxx~~ a long time, which he did ^{I am told}), Matthew Smith, David Jones, Harry Jonas, Mr ~~xxxx~~ Mendelsohn (Dinora's father), Oliver Simon, Stephen Fothergill, Frances Scanlon, Jacqueline Stanley, Laurence Clark, Charles Hamblett, Jankel Adler, ^{Cosie, the artist of the Mandrake Club,} Sven Berlin, George Barker, David Gascoyne, ~~xxxx~~ Charles Wrey Gardiner, Fred Marnau, Nicholas Moore, John Gawsorth, ~~Sir John Haller~~, Julius Horwitz, Charles Blackburn, Dickie Buckle, Reginald Moore, Elizabeth Berridge, Philip ~~Ty~~bee, Woodrow Wyatt, John Roberts, Ralph Kean, Donald Taylor, Basil Wright, Len Lye, Helen Hughes, Maria O'Connor, Adam Zion Margoshes, ^{Capt. Billy Williams,} Clay Freud, Paul Hamlyn, Andre Deutsch, Peter Owen, Sir Kenneth Clark, John Rothenstein, Dorian Cooke, Bim Warth, ^{Victor} Berlemont, ^{Signor} Bertorelli, the Duke of Windsor, Epstein, Poggioli, Madame Buhler, Robert Buhler, Alfred Zwemmer, Kitty Epstein, ~~xxxx~~ Anna Seurat, Patsy Ledward, Count ^{Virginia Tennant, Countess of Bath,} Fotocki de Montalk, John Strachey, Betty Jesse, ~~xxxx~~ Berthold Wolpe, ^{The Earl of Essex with Marion Harwood at it, now Mrs Jeremy Thorpe,} Feliks Topolski, Anthony Froshaugh, Elizabeth Ormsby-Gore, Audrey Beecham, Billy Harem, Oswald Blakeston, Julian Trevelyan, ~~xxxx~~ Ursula Darwin, Mary Fedden, Anna Wykeham, Margaret Croland, Margaret Webb, Ram Gopal, Minette de Silva, Laurence Olivier, Bobby ~~H~~lpmann, Margot Fonteyn, ^{Billy Walton, Ben Barham,} Francis Bacon, Rex Whistler, Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry, R.O. Dunlop, Godfrey and Dorothy Phillips, Ewan Phillips, Michael Meyer, Dick Meyer, J.C. Hall, ^{Lord Westbury,} Betty May, Alan Rook, Francis Scarfe, Julian Symons, Benjamin Britten, Ronald Duncan, Richard March, Ruthven Todd, Gavin Ewart, Gavin Maxwell, Veronica Haig, Francis Dunbar-Marshall, David Archer, Bob Pococock, Rayner and Margaret Heppenstall, Jimmy the Shit, Nina Forster, Tom Scott, Vera Swan, Mrs Schouterden, Pop, Virginia Fortescue, Derek Neame, ~~xxxx~~ Grant, A.P. Herbert, E.M. Forster, Harold Acton, John Davenport, Margaret Morrison, Helen and John Irwin, Lynn and Ann Chadwick, Victor Musgrave, Ida Kar, John Vickers, Jacob Epstein, Stulik of Le Tour Eiffel Benjamin Britten, Erik and Agi de Mare, ~~Juanxxxxxxxixxxxx~~ Enid and Juan Stoll (son of Sir Oswald Stoll, theatre owner) Heinz Wolff, Michael Martin, ~~xxxx~~ ^{Cydon} Conan Nichols, Francis and Sylvia King. ^{Lynette Roberts,} ~~xxxx~~ used to hold court at the Vienna Cafe of the Tottenham Court Road ~~xxxx~~ Lyons Corner House with J. MacLaren Ross and other friends after he had been to the public bath in the building opposite the theatre ^{where Hairs} is now playing in Shafesbury Avenue. We gathered in the Gargoyle and Mandrake Clubs, Boris Watson's

*Veronica Haig, Benedicte Gore
Baptista Giliat Smith and Quentin Bell.*

INSERT
old 31B

31A 44

like one word

We were ~~xxxx~~ all together at that time in the ~~Fitzrovia~~ the
Fitzrovia of my mind ^{*quote from*} ~~in~~ Paul Potts' words:

To break new ground

To take small weak dark seeds

Out from unfertile sand

Then to throw them proudly at the sun.....

.....

To sing on

Until the world is Blackpool

In August in the afternoon.

51 45

nowadays

the Coffee An' humble predecessor to his bigger Mandrake Club
that he ran with Harry Lomax who is now an educator in international
chess games. We met at Muriel's Colony Club, the Cafe Royal or The Plough
in Museum Street. It was only an attitude of mind that to each
generation in every country, and in different ways, but for me it happened in lovely
Fitzrovia.

(An amazing, ~~xxx~~ lively old man today, ~~xx~~ one of the last surviving members of the ~~Bxlixx~~ Bloomsbury Group, who at the age of nearly ninety this year has designed a cover for my good friend Paul Roche's Enigma Variations And. COVER OF ENIGMA VARIATIONS AND Paul ~~who~~ reminds me of ~~the late figure~~ of the late Gavin Maxwell whose house ~~in the island~~ ^{at} of Cam^ysfearna caught fire which he has described in The Ring of Bright Water, who injured his leg in a motor smash/~~xxx~~ and died because he couldn't run around ~~any more~~ ^{any more} ~~xx~~ after ^{like} ~~xx~~/Minehhaha Running Water ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~do soon after~~ he had written to me about the accident. Paul's poems are unknown in England although he has released ~~xxxxxx~~ and published several books and, ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~strangely~~, and best reviewed his poetry is better known/in ~~xxxxxx~~ America. ~~Paulxxxxxx~~ Paul leaping into his roadster like a gazelle with the same face, smile ^{and} athletic figure (I reproduce a drawing by Duncan Grant) ^{reminds me of} ~~as~~ Gavin Maxwell, dear Gavin.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

DRAWING OF ROCHE BY DUNCAN GRANT

T

Paul Roche has tried his hand at several ~~stylesxxxxxx~~ vocabularies and the latest in Enigma ~~Vix~~ Variations And is Paul ~~xxxxxx~~ Potttsian:

To one spent
On the streets
Of empty alleluias

(which is Roche, of course) ^I It is wonderful to come across the Potttsian ring again:

Phut phut phut a stripling Honda ... (copy from p. 16)
~~And the pizzicato on onn crickets (copy from p. 16)~~

~~Good~~ Good luck to the two Pauls, since you are both keeping your hand

(An amazing, lively old man today, one of the last surviving members of the Bloomsbury Group, who at the age of nearly ninety this year has designed a cover for my good friend Paul Roche's Enigma Variations And

COVER OF ENIGMA VARIATIONS AND

Paul reminds me of the late Gavin Maxwell whose house at Camusfearna (Gaelic for the Bay of the Willows) near Glenelg caught fire which he has described in The Ring of Bright Water, who injured his leg in a motor smash and soon died because he couldn't run around like Minnehaha Running Water anymore after he had written to me about the accident. Paul's poems are unknown in England although he has released records and published several books and, strangely, his poetry is better known and best reviewed in America. Paul leaping into his roadster like a gazelle with the same face, smile and athletic figure (I reproduce a drawing by Duncan Grant) reminds me of Gavin Maxwell, dear Gavin.

DRAWING OF ROCHE BY DUNCAN GRANT

Paul Roche has tried his hand at several vocabularies and the latest in Enigma Variations And is Paul Pottisian:

To one spent
On the streets
Of empty alleluias

which is Roche, of course. It is wonderful to come across

the Pottisian ring again:

Phut ~~The Poem as Sound, Sword~~
~~phut phut a stripping Honda~~
And the pizzicato of noon crickets
Turn into splinters of ice and glass
Like the tongue-dart of a crushed lemon
Or gush of sherbert in the mouth
Like a pang or shriek
Of ammonia in a sleepy nose...
The poem is sword that opens words:
Fruit lanced by the harsh beak
Trembling ice on the pond torn
Thought gashed by a word's sound
As fig bursts with a garnet wound
And images like butterflies
Scatter on the trees and stones -
Words opened in a dream
Seams pierced, scents released
Freshets of sun in a spilt breeze.

Good luck to the two Pauls, since you are both keeping
your hand at it. Just ignore the critics since, as an
Indian might say the poetry is in the eating (rasa or
taste).

A

FITZROVIA an EXTRACT from Tambimuttu's Memoirs LIVING IS A MULTI-
THING OR PEOPLE, Why don't You Take Your Clothes Off?

Notes for Fitzoria or The story

to know me, whence, I think, Shakuntala's request. Impressed not only by her speech but also her growth, I told a friend of mine about it whose only reaction was "We are all Americans and we are all searching for our roots all the time. But I don't think it was like that with my daughter who had seen her professor stepfather hand me over books from his furniture-moving, sweeping library in which there were some pretty funny things written about me like silly Michael Meyer's opening sentence in the World of George Orwell edited by Miriam Gross: "I first met George Orwell though that odd character Tambimuttu, the Singhalese editor of Poetry London. I had expressed admiration of Orwell's work, and Tambimuttu said 'Would you like to meet him? I'll tell him you'll be writing to him.'" Even more than most of Tambi's promises, this seemed unlikely to bear fruit," I have never made any promises to Michael who I knew very little being a friend of his elder brother Dick, who is a doctor with a fetching limp and Michael, the red-headed little boy who I heard had gone to Oxford, was editing Sidney Keyes' poems (surprise, so Dick's brother was going library) and then teaching in Stockholm, I think. Yes, it's a sweeping, colourful entrance, Michael (you must have had a lot of trouble figuring that one out) but you don't have to carry on the "Literary" stunt just because somewhere along the academic racket you landed the job of editing Sidney's poems from the late Sir Herbert Read, and Routledge's and you don't have to be dramatic and brilliant all the bloomin' time: what my daughter meant I think was defend yourself, break your monastic silence and indifference to the quirks and traits of others, WRITE both for you and for me.

Well, Shakuntala, when you were one or two I wrote an autobiographical children's story called Catching an Elephant, a mantram a sound boom I got from Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness, and sound it in a beautiful red, flowered Indian textile for you. If you've still got that could you send me a copy to help me recapture the flavour of my growing up in Ceylon while I paint for you on a large canvas with broad strokes in which time is one long beginningless and endless stretch, a long white endless note- I am like a little boy with a million pots of paint around me, who when he puts out his finger-painting hands like magnets to pick up the hard iron filings of events and facts of his dervish being (put yourself in the centre of the dance, Man) here, before and after, they adhere to him in a big bunches, in a million colours in which there is no differentiation, and during my first period in England, January 1939 to December 1949, my critics could not understand a "tambi-ism" like that. Great variety leads to sameness, just as I said in my First Letter in Poetry London: "Each poet is a leaf, a significant leaf, of poetry, the multifoliate tree, "which" apophthgm, to use Anthony Thwaite's pin-stripes officialese is a "vapid or inflated" whereas Lawrence Durrell has quoted it often in his writing including his "Tambimuttu beating his big Ceylonese drum in London," which sounds O.K. to me because it is a FACT, repeating the same truism over and over again and, because life is cyclic having completed the circle, I have returned to London to repeat the gyrations again with POETRY LONDON NEW SERIES, another circle, from my new office in Bloomsbury Way, a stone's throw away from my first real office in Craven House, Kingsway where Kathleen Raine used to work with me. I am glad since it short-circuits the publication of Poetry London-Ceylon- Bombay- New York to Nowhere a non-circle which would be against the laws of Nature and I was pleased to see new circles, pretty rings of brightness floating in the landscape to dispel ordinaryness as I had advised everybody to strive for in my poetry magazine! In my time we only had Poetry Ireland, Poetry New York, and Poetry Scotland

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Notes for Fitzrovia

^{or}
The Story of how

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~~What~~ I truly

WAS by

Franklin H. H. H.
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POETRY LONDON

to erase all false myths
about himself



London

10 Days before Xmas Day

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FITZROVIA an Extract from Tambimuttu's Memoirs LIVING IS A MULTI-STORIED THING
 OR ~~It~~ or People, Why Don't You Take Your Clothes Off?

Notes for
 FITZROVIA
 The story ???
 I had
 I had
 in 1950/1951
 and came to
 know what
 I really was
 by
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-----Initial Letter (Insert B) OVER

Shoulder Caption for initial letter in left margin

Title-Page of Notebook was for Memoirs

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Would'st thou the young years blossoms & the fruits of its decline
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day book- I added the name of my new partner Richard March as a co-editor to encourage him in his literary career, ~~other~~^{another} notorious example ~~of~~^{of} my generosity, since he had given my English wife, Jacqueline Stanley, £10 to buy ~~me~~^{me} new clothes, ~~with~~ after I had torn up all mine and cut up her hats which I buried in my Marchmont Street garden near Russell Square) fired what Anthony Thwaite calls my "manic generosity" and I am going to give ~~Ann~~^{Ann} Barr more than she bargained for ~~for~~^{for} her editorial scissors, rubbers and red pencil.



W She had been separated from me from the age of 8 months &, although I see her once at least on my annual trips to the States (we belong to 2 different states: I am a New Yorker, & she lives in Massachusetts), she has had to depend on distorted hearsay and circus-clown rumour -- with the J. MacLaren Ross' tragic Pagliacci figure looming in the ante-room of my mind, of those days, in the ol' Wheatsheaf in Rathbone Place, carrying his stick with the well-polished silver knob, beating the blues of blackouts and poverty with his nifty, highly entertaining, miniscule script, & the plots for most stories provided for him by a plottopedia, an enormous tome called Plotto, which Julian told me as one Fitzrovian to another capsuled every possible type of plot and variations one could think of -- & our infrequent correspondence to get to know me, whence, I think, Shakuntala's request. Impressed not only by her speech but also ger growth, I told a friend of mine about it whose only reaction was "We are all Americans & we are all searching for our roots all the time. But I don't think it was like that with my daughter who had seen her professor stepfather hand me over

leaf, of Poetry, the multifoliate tree," which "apopthgm, to use Anthony Thwaite's pin-striped officialese is "vapid or inflated" whereas Lawrence Durrell has quoted it often in ~~his~~ his writing including his "Tambimuttu beating his big Ceylonese drum in London," which sounds O.K. to me because it is a FACT, repeating the same truisms over and over again &, because life is cyclic having completed ~~the circle~~ the circle, I have returned to London to repeat the gyrations again with POETRY LONDON NEW SERIES, another circle, from my new office in ~~Sieffianxvanna~~ in Bloomsbury Way, a stone's throw away from my first real office in Craven House, Kingsway where Kathleen Raine used to work with me. I am glad since it short-circuits the pullulation of Poetry London - Ceylon - Bombay - New York to Nowhere a non-circle which would be against the laws of Nature; ~~not~~ &, ~~was~~ I ^{was} pleased to see new circles, pretty rings of brightness floating in the landscape to dispel ordinaryness as I had advised everybody ^{to strive for} in my poetry magazine! In my time we only had Poetry Ireland, Poetry New York and Poetry Scotland which was dedicated to me since "I was a discriminatin artist and friend of so many of the Scottish poets along with the only art magazine of the period beside the commercial ones, Counterpoint, also handsomely dedicated to me ^{by Conrad Sanar} from Oxford, chiefly because I had befriended the impecunious artist ^{"Wild Gerald"} (Gerald Wilde) whom I am supposed to have locked up daily upstairs in my duplex in Gloucester Walk, Kensington High Street, until he produced some paintings which is fair enough -- although I never locked up Gerald -- since that's what he was there for, at his own request. J. MacLaren-Ross has telescoped two different situations I described to him into one. The first was Gerald's. I left him half a crown a day for lunch in the hope he would lunch downstairs in Esther's night-club and cafe and ^{I returned from the office &} not sneak out to the pubs before/ accompanied on our nightly pubcrawls by which time I hoped he would have some paintins ready to take to Sir Kenneth Clark, Peter Watson, Eric Gregory ~~and~~ other friends ~~and~~ very often I was not disappointed. The only trouble was that when Gerald sold some ^{paintings} the money vanished overnight in some disaster, or accident, or he simply threw it away. Gerald needed looking after ~~and~~ having things arranged for him. There was the day I had sent him to show the present Lord Clark a selection of the weeks work. Lord Clark paid him £100, the highest I have known him to get from anybody at any one time. Gerald promptly called on Erika and ~~the~~ Stewart Scott who had been lent Julian Trevelyan's studio at Durham Wharf, Hammersmith. They had a jolly old carouse at The Black Horse (Julian's and Sir A.P. Herbert's stamping ground) and The Swan,

leaf, of Poetry, the multifoliate tree," which "apopthgm, to use Anthony Thwaite's pin-striped officialese is "vapid or inflated" whereas Lawrence Durrell has quoted it often in ~~his~~ his writing including his "Tambimuttu beating his big Ceylonese drum in London," which sounds O.K. to me because it is a FACT, repeating the same truisms over and over again &, because life is cyclic having completed ~~the circle~~ the circle, I have returned to London to repeat the gyrations again with POETRY LONDON NEW SERIES, another circle, from my new office in ~~Sixth Avenue~~ in Bloomsbury Way, a stone's throw away from my first real office in Craven House, Kingsway where Kathleen Raine used to work with me. I am glad since it short-circuits the pullulation of Poetry London - Ceylon - Bombay - New York to Nowhere a non-circle which would be against the laws of Nature; ~~and~~ &, ~~was~~ ^{was} I pleased to see new circles, pretty rings of brightness floating in the landscape to dispel ordinaryness as I had advised everybody ^{to strive for,} in my poetry magazine! In my time we only had Poetry Ireland, Poetry New York and Poetry Scotland which was dedicated to me since "I was a discriminating artist and friend of so many of the Scottish poets along with the only art magazine of the period beside the commercial ones, Counterpoint, also handsomely dedicated to me ^{by Conrad Sanat} from Oxford ^{"Wild Gerald"} chiefly because I had befriended the impecunious artist (Gerald Wilde) whom I am supposed to have locked up daily upstairs in my duplex in Gloucester Walk, Kensington High Street, until he produced some paintings which is fair enough -- although I never locked up Gerald -- since that's what he was there for, at his own request. J. MacLaren-Ross has telescoped two different situations I described to him into one. The first was Gerald's. I left him half a crown a day for lunch in the hope he would lunch downstairs in Esther's night-club and café and ^{I returned from the office &} not sneak out to the pubs before/ I accompanied on our nightly pubcrawls by which time I hoped he would have some paintings ready to take to Sir Kenneth Clark, Peter Watson, Eric Gregory [&] and other friends [&] and very often I was not disappointed. The only trouble was that when Gerald sold some ^{paintings} the money vanished overnight in some disaster, or accident, or he simply threw it away. Gerald needed looking after and having things arranged for him. There was the day I had sent him to show the present Lord Clark a selection of the weeks work. Lord Clark paid him £100, the highest I have known him to get from anybody at any one time. Gerald promptly called on Erika and ~~the~~ Stewart Scott who had been lent Julian Trevelyan's studio at Durham Wharf, Hammersmith. They had a jolly old carouse at The Black Horse (Julian's and Sir A.P. Herbert's stamping ground) and The Swan,

~~and~~ after ⁸ Next morning
~~after~~/dinner Gerald disappeared into the blackout. ~~and then~~/Stew found
 him ~~fast~~ in the morning fast asleep in the square garden walled garden
~~overlooking~~ the Thames where Julian and his/wife Ursula Darwin Race
 Trevelyan, granddaughter of Charles, had their famous Boat ~~parties~~ parties.
~~What remained of Gerald's £100 was in~~ ^{work and earnings} What remained of Gerald's £100 was in
 every ~~part of the garden~~, scattered by the high wind. Stew and I
 kept Julian supplied with/all of Gerald's ~~exploits~~ exploits ^{news of} but, in
 this instance, he has telescoped Gerald's artistic high state into that
 of a painter-poet friend of mine called Margaret Hurd. ^{PARA} The night before
 Larry Durrell sailed for Greece I had introduced her to him. Get her to
 keep her hand at it. ^{Larry} I told ^{him} ^{Larry}, get her to paint or to write. They
 had talked of setting off to Greece together ~~and~~ soon I heard rumours
 that Larry locked her up ^{daily} in a room without lunch or supper until she
 produced a poem or a painting. This was duly noted by the short-story
 writer, who has ~~ascribed to me in his book~~ ^{most generously} ascribed to me in his book
 what Larry should be credited with. But more of this later. ^{PARA} When I
 was living in New York I heard of Poetry Bristol, Poetry Manchester,
Poetry Alaska, Poetry North Western (from Northwestern University)
 &, on my return to London, ~~my arrival of~~ ² ~~minutes~~ ^{of} Poetry Wales and Poetry St. Ives, in Bernard Stone's Bookshop,
 in Kensington Church Walk. Sir John Waller whisked me off to meet
 Bernard, Edward Lucie-Smith ^{& Adrian Henri} and the Liverpuddlian poets, Brian Patten
 among them, ~~in his house of a car~~ in his house of a car, a
 Commer Auto-Sleeper Johnny had gotten from Wilson's of Brixton, with
 his rubicund secretary-housekeeper ~~chauffeur~~ ^u ~~chauffeur~~ Michael Ford,
 chauffeuring and I shaving with the car's electric razor. Kensington
 Church Walk is about eight feet wide and Johnny insisted on the
 car being driven right up the Bernard's shopfront where it ~~caused~~ caused
 a great commotion.

By asking to see the Man Behind the Iron Mask, Shakuntala was only
 applying more thumb-screws on me since I was embarrassed I was already
 in bondage. Before I left London, Ann Barry, pretty ~~and~~ ⁸ clever
 lady at Harper's and Queen had me in chains already, part-financing
 my American trip with an advance for an article she might never get.
 She had made a shrewd guess of my character, I suppose, ~~xxxxx~~ Her
 generosity (as in the case of T.S. Eliot for whom I published a 60th
 Birthday book - I added the name of my new partner Richard March
 as a co-editor ^{another not obvious example of my generosity} ~~xxxxx~~ to encourage him in his literary career - since he
 had ~~given~~

had given my English wife, Jacqueline Stanley, £10 to buy new clothes with, after I had torn up all mine ^{& cut up} and her hats which I ~~cut up~~ ^{near} and buried in my Marchmont Street garden ~~near~~ ^{near} Russell Square) fired what Anthony Thwaite calls my "manic generosity" ^{Ann Barr} and I am going to give ^{for} her more than she bargained for, ^{for} her editorial scissors, rubbers and red pencil.

* * * * *

~~WATER MILL ST.~~

ring of brightness

cheaply



keep some older critics jobs since/would ~~xxxxxx~~ wish to face safety and with confidence the unknown ~~xxxxxx~~ which is NEW whether it is the past or the present.

with the J. MacLaren - Ross
paint and his Dagliacci
~~walk~~ silver-tipped
~~walking stick~~ walking
stick in the old wheat sheaf
in ~~the~~ carbon place;

~~INSERT 1A~~

I was told 2 months ago in New York over the telephone by my living in Northampton, Massachusetts, U.S.A. by my twelve 12 year old daughter Shakuntala, (I had named her after Kalidasa's greatest play Shakuntala, mother of Bharata, or India) Daddy, I want to know more about the Tambimuttus. She had been separated from me from the age of ~~say~~ 7 months and, although I see her at least once a month, as far as our relationship goes, she has had to depend on the States Dept. for correspondence & delighted by the thought of a letter from me. I have written all the time for our roots. Well Shakuntala, my daughter, when you were three I wrote a story in an autobiographical children's story for my own called "Catching an Elephant". If you've still got that could you send me a copy to help me recapture the flavor of my growing up in Ceylon which I write down for you on a large canvas with broad strokes. I am like a little boy with a million pots of paints around me, who when he puts his finger-painting hands are for facts & events before and after my being here & before and after they were to me in a middle class in which there is no differentiation, and in my first period in England nor understand a "Tambo-ism" like that.

937-7288

Robert Kirk
Bedcliffe Sq.

S.W.

373-0954

134
Tom Harkley
636-4961

Many of the names at end of chapter will be deleted to preserve the chronology of events, to develop the story line and to preserve the unity of the book as an account of Fitzrovia as it was ~~since the 18th Century~~ up to the ~~Fifties~~ Nineteen Fifties.

indifference to that fact
Lack of cash, and the ~~unimportance of the~~ ^{fact} was the keynote of the
Fitzrovia/ of my early days. ~~2d~~ ^{suppence} for a cup of coffee at Madame Buhler's
or sixpence for a pint of bitter at the Fitzroy Tavern/were the
entrance ~~fee~~ ^{fees} ~~for~~ ^{to} these 'clubs'. There were, of course, the ghosts

Vienna Steak and Spaghetti cost ~~1xx~~ one shilling, Roast Beef and two vegetables ~~1s. 8d.~~ ^{each 1/8} a glass of wine 6d. at Bertorelli's or in Italian fashion one could have a huge bowl of minestrone ~~with~~ for ^{five pence} 5d. - 6d. with ~~xxx~~ Italian bread. A bottle of fine Italian wine cost 5s. or less. Orvieto 5/6, Chianti ~~Borde~~ Ruffi

~~The workrooms of Fitzrovia of my days - Sickert, Gwen John, Nina Hammett preferred them to~~

Nina Hamnett preferred them to
for most people in other artists' quarters & London, like Augustus
and Epstein was open "the home man".
8 Fitzroy Street, where he lived, was quite a gathering place.
He had his sole foot hold in London!

p. 102

One day I had 1 shilling and six people to feed.
Nina Hammett came to ~~the~~^{my} rescue shopping at Schmidt's
for a pound of bacon ends, a pound of rice and some
eggs - a most ~~very~~^{exotic} and titillating offering quite the
reverse of what Betty May had once offered Nina some ~~fried~~^{grilled}
millet (from Nina's own's India) having trapped one of
husband's ~~of her~~ very much in ~~the country~~^{her husband's place}. (Betty had got fed up
has got bored with her first husband, the breeding of dogs, ~~the~~^{wrote}
baking of goose pie, Catching birds & ~~baking~~^{making} pies and ~~behaving~~^{having to behave}
like a lady). People from the Workrooms + Fitzrovia lived in their
dreams, stimulating each other with their conversations and benders or
shared what they had in common - so we ~~never~~^{were} beerless, hungry or
or without a bed-better. People shared workrooms ~~(and the streets)~~^{in the streets}
~~not at all~~ even as Rossetti, Millais and William Holman Hunt
had done previously in Fitzrovia - in ~~the same block where~~
I had lived.

Charles
McEvoy, John
Am... full on
... an other ...
... the state
(E. ...) ...

This chapter about the quarter I named Fitzrovia ~~from 1938~~ since it had no name unlike Bloomsbury or Chelsea although it ^{similar, artistic & literary traditions} ~~seem had~~ ^{(the Supplement A-G} of the Oxford Dictionary gives the date 1958 whereas we used ~~it~~ ^{the word} ~~throughout 1938~~ ^{it during the early months of} ~~the book in its name~~ ¹⁹³⁸) will ~~be~~ ^{be} interesting & part of a fair ~~and~~ ^{and} selection of the highlight Nina ^{and} Betty (who were really good pals & contrary to one writer's recent essay on the 2 markers) Nancy Cunard, Mrs Stewart of the Wheat Sheaf, Mrs Ida Kagi of The Black Horse Nina Foster, my first English girl-friend, Mary Hunt who replaced her, ~~and~~ ^{and} Miss M. Hinton (~~the 23~~), our English Breakfast specialist in Rathbone Place, Madame Lucie Buhler (newsagent) and her company which included D.T., K.R., J.S. P. & Co. in Paul Potts, Tony, Jean Hoare, Victor Pasmore, Michael Ayrton. The origin of PL in Buhler's cafe when K.R. ed. of Wales, J.S. editor of T.C.V. Tony Dickens & I had an argument about the rather specialized and neo-conservative attitude to the publication of contemporary poets. Founding the magazine as a capital of £5 and selling ~~the~~ ^{it} in the pubs, The ~~Cafe Royal~~ ^{Coffee Bar} for the bookshops & the Cafe Royal — where I have my first meeting with (Cornwall) ~~on together & buy a copy~~ (Cornwall) who buy one or two copies.

John
Hansworth
(Honey dew
Cube)
Cannr Pitochi
de Mautsch

~~Tony Dickson's and I are befriended by many people~~ residents
~~of west prairie~~ S

The ghosts of earlier days, much to our encouragement and delight, returned 'shimmering' ⁱⁿ Fitzrovia. They had found no perfect place in their larger world and had returned to home - in on their early dream which they may only have ~~learned~~ known ^{from books in} their schools and universities. But for many people in the other artists' quarters in London, like Augustus John & Epstein Fitzrovia was often 'the home man'. Augustus wrote in the early ~~the 1920s~~ ^{1920s} "The Fitzrovy Quarter" ~~"... was much livelier than it was in his early days"~~ ^{"... was much livelier than it was in his early days"} ~~"its only rival being Chelsea."~~ ^{"... was much livelier than it was in his early days"}

Angus has wrote in the early Sixties that although "the Fitzroy Quarter" in those days was in every way much livelier than it is now. It was still the Artists' Quarter; its only rival being Chelsea."

Hotel
Hilton 4-~~939~~⁹³-8000
Room 1511

This chapter about the Quarter I named Fitzrovia ~~for years~~ since it had no name unlike Bloomsbury or Chelsea although it ^{similar artistic & literary traditions} ~~had~~ ^{the Supplement A-G} of the Oxford Dictionary gives the date 1958 when as we used ^{it during the early months of} ~~the word~~ ^{the word} ~~throughout 1938~~ ¹⁹³⁸ will ~~have~~ ^{be} interesting ~~reportage of a fair~~ ^{selection of the} highlight Nina ^{and} Betty (who were really good pals & contrary to one writer's recent essay on the 2 writers) Nancy Cunard, M^{rs} Stewart of the Wheat Sheaf, M^{rs} Ida Kagi of The Black Horse Nina Foster, my first English girl-friend, Mary Hunt who replaced her, ~~and~~ Miss M. Hinton (~~the 23~~), and English Breakfast specialist in Rathbone Place, Madame Lucie Buhler (newsagent) and her company which included D.T., K.R., J.S. P. or Louisa Paul Potts, Tony, Jean Hoare, Victor Pasmore, Michael Ayrton. The origin of PL in Buhler's cafe when K.R. ed. of Wales, J.S. editor of T.C.V. Tony Dickens & I had an argument about the rather specialized and neo-conservative attitude to the publication of contemporary poets. Founding the magazine on a capital of £5 and selling ~~it~~ ^{it} in the pubs, The ~~Cafe Royal~~ ^{Coffee An'} for the bookshops & the Cafe Royal — where ^{I have my first meeting with} (Kathleen Raine & Sylvia Brownell (Corwell) are together & buy a copy (Corwell) who buy one or two copies.

John
Hansworth
(Honey dew
Cute)
Carr P. Lockie
de Maribeth

~~Tony Dickens and I are befriended by many~~ ^{residents} ~~people~~ ^{of} ~~work rooms~~ ⁵

The ghost of earlier days, much to our encouragement and delight, returned 'slumming' ⁱⁿ Fitzrovia. They had found no perfect place in their larger world and had returned to home in on their early dream which they may only have ~~known~~ ^{known from books in} their schools and universities. But for many people in the other artists' Quarters in London, like Augustus John & Epstein Fitzrovia was often 'the home run'. Augustus wrote in the early ~~the early~~ ^{the early} ~~the Fitzrovia Quarter~~ ^{the Fitzrovia Quarter} "it was much livelier than it was in his early Sixties, it's only rival being Chelsea".

p. 39

Augustus wrote in the early Sixties that although "the Fitzrovia Quarter" in those days was in every way much livelier than it is now. It was still the Artists' Quarter, its only rival being Chelsea!

Hotel
Hutton 4 ⁹³ 9-8000
Room 1511

where he said, ~~Philip lived~~ incorrectly, Philip lived. It was Patrick de Maré, currently a psychiatrist in Upper Harley Street, who answered the door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some years later ~~he~~ confessed to me that as I crouched by his gas fire on a brown poof he thought I was either God or the Devil. It was in Pat's flat a few days later that I met Stephen Spender who contributed to the first number of Poetry London published exactly a year ~~after my arrival in London~~ after my arrival in London, and the poet Gavin Ewart who ~~was~~ was appointed Production Manager of the three publishing houses I had founded in Britain: Editions Poetry London, Mandeville Publications named after the Mandeville Hotel/where I entertained ~~writers~~ friends like T.S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis Henry Moore ~~ex~~ and Lawrence Durrell, and William Campion named partly for the son of my new partner Richard March and for one of my secretaries Betty Campion Jesse whose name should survive in the annals of English Literature through her association with ~~Keith Douglas~~ Keith Douglas, the most interesting poet ~~to lose~~ to lose his life in ~~the~~ World War II.

some years later
His work was by no means as carefully good and needed careful editing and selection. And since Phil was consistently losing his Scott typescript I used to pay his second wife, Mary, every time she brought some poems to my office in Manchester Square to add to the growing collection in my cupboard.

torch I am carrying around the world." Below the 'torch' he sported

a nut and bolt ^{secured right through} ~~piercing~~ the coat's fabric. "It's the right nut screwed in the right way," Redvers declared. I was most surprised

to hear that ^{this} the first English Bohemian I had met, my introduction ^{who had inherited his father's law practice in the City.} to Fitzrovia, was also a qualified solicitor.

"You must leave ^{at once} your hotel and I'll find you a room in ^{the} Howland Street ^{house} where I live.

And I'll introduce you to Philip O'Connor tomorrow. He is a real ^{you know.} poet. ^{She is Swiss & her son Robert Buhler is the father of the lady who is with of these parts.} See you at noon at Madame Buhler's. I never met the lady ^{PARA} again or discovered who she was. ^{In all probability} ~~she was~~ probably the midnight

stripper in ^{I had heard of} 'The Blue Angel' nightclub and Redvers seldom missed ^{when, according to reports, everything came off.} that ecstatic moment ^{which I was} ~~which~~ I was destined never to ^{see that act} ~~see~~, since the club must have ^{been shut up by the police} ~~closed~~ very soon afterwards.

^{today} The Post Office Tower has ^{erased} the houses of Howland Street, ^{today} and Madame Buhler's, ^{PARA} where writers, editors and artists met over ^{aromatic} steaming cups of

^{Continental} excellent coffee in the ^{this fine annex of the} old Scala Theatre building, ^{similarly} has ^{called at Madame Buhler's} ~~vanished~~. I ~~was there~~ the next day for my appointment with Redvers and

Philip O'Connor, and noticed ^a ~~slouched~~, sandalled, ^{and} long-haired ^{and} figure with intense eyes and pursed lips, ^{who surveyed the place like a vineyard owner} ~~stroll in~~, look around and ^{correctly} ~~walk out~~ as casually as he had sailed in. I guessed he was the poet.

^{PARA} Redvers was sorry he was late, and suggested I called at 4, Fitzroy

Street, where, he said, Philip lived. It was ^{Patrick de Mare} ~~Patrick de Mare~~, ^{and he was a French button accordionist of some distinction in the circles of Hampstead, who is} currently a psychiatrist in Upper Harley Street, who answered the

door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some ^{in "The Country Pub" in Rathbone Place} ~~months~~ ^{years} later confessed to me that as I crouched by his gas fire on

a brown poof he thought I was either ~~God~~ or the Devil, ^{or/both} ~~or/both~~. ^{Something Else} This strange

belief of Pat's, the son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant the ^{great} ~~great~~ jarl or ^{"Earl"} ~~President~~ of the Scandinavian Society of ^{On the air} ~~Britain~~ London, this tall

very shy man who was always embarrassed by the fact he had to wear the ^{in his} ~~in his~~ Viking helmet with horns at the annual dinners did prove to be of great ^{some} ~~some~~ use just before the start of the Second World War. ^{After the study of} ~~After the study of~~

medicine at Cambridge and before the completion of his training at

Quabo-ish
up and coming
I can hear
the lady who is with of these parts.

Indians call

whose explosive, ex-rational, & pre-ic images, tinged by what I call or pre-ic taste, literally, took on the form of a living form, plain to me in the lines and per-ic details of the time of his work, was by no means a merely intellectual, but a deeply emotional, and even a spiritual, one to the very core.

who is also of Swedish extraction

who was also of Swedish extraction

St. George's Hospital, Pat had decided to throw medicine to the winds to pursue a career as a button accordionist in the cafés of Paris - a truly romantic and Pat-like decision. He was upset over a girl called Nina and wished to flee as far away from her as possible. When Anthony Dickins, who subsequently founded Poetry London with me a few months later, brought me ^{the news} I promptly called on him from nearby Whitfield Street to extract a promise from him that he would do nothing of the kind ~~and~~ ^{but would} continue with his studies at St. George's. But, then, Tony's angry block burst into my room later that afternoon like a fighting bull with a startling fire in his grey-blue eyes which he sports even today ^{like punctuation marks in his sentences} when he gets excited over some topic in our conversation, or after a brilliant musical performance, flushed and excited in ~~characteristic~~ ^{fingers flying into the air or thrusting back the strands of} Tony fashion. ^{typical} "Pat is packing his books for Messrs Foyle's. The chap is leaving," he ~~shouted~~.

fingers flying into the air or thrusting back the soft gold strands of his fine hair: "The chap is leaving," he shouted. "He is packing his books for Messrs. Foyle's." I hurried back to 4 Fitzroy Street ^{once more again} and as I refurbished ~~xxxx~~ ^{his empty} bookshelves ~~again~~ ^{just} from his open suitcases, Pat ^{had sat there} ~~sat~~ dumbfounded on that very same brown pouf by the gas fire I ^{had occupied} ~~was occupying~~ for the first time, on my first visit. He did not utter one sound during my entire bizarre performance. "You promised to stay," I explained, and grabbing Nina by her arm literally dragged her down the narrow stairs and pavement to the more ^{spacious} ~~entrance~~ ^{entrance} to 8 Fitzroy Street two houses away. Nina was a rather unattractive, ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{and dumpy} bespectacled, frowsy-haired and vociferous/Continental - our ^{friends} ~~Circle~~ ^{about Nina and Pat} always wondered ~~what she had for Pat that other girls hadn't~~ - and she was being ^{most} ~~very~~ ^{men} argumentative. ~~xxx~~ "You must think of what's best for Pat," I kept repeating ^{manoeuvre} ~~manouevring~~ her past the ^{narrow, ascending} ~~stairs~~ which led to the first floor back studio where Duncan Grant lived with Vanessa Bell. ^{I had to keep the peace in that house when we had many a late night gathering of poets & writers.} I had a key to the old James McNeill Whistler ^{front} ~~studio in front~~ from the poet and painter Benny Beaumont (Count Rakozzi) who lived in

Manoeuvre Manouevring

producing his walking stick with a flourish. His house keys were attached to its crook with bootlace and a sheaf of poems were neatly wrapped round the stem ^{and} held together with rubber bands. I recognized at a glance that the 'poems' were 'occasional' schoolboy scribblings, jottings in a schoolboy script, flagrantly romantic, and almost illiterate.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to strips of red cloth he had wired into the lapel of his rust red overcoat which, balanced incongruously on top of a rusty bicycle, was a well known feature of Fitzrovia in those days. "It's the flaming torch I am carrying around the world." Below the 'torch' he sported a nut and bolt secured right through the coat's fabric. "It's the right nut screwed in the right way," Redvers ^{explained.} ~~declared.~~ I was most surprised to hear that this first ^{ever} English Bohemian I had met, my introduction to Fitzrovia, was also a qualified solicitor who had inherited his father's law practice in the City. "You must leave your hotel at once and I'll find you a room in the Howland Street house where I live. And I'll introduce you to Philip O'Connor tomorrow. He is a real poet, you know. See you at noon at Madam Buhler's. She is Swiss and her son Robert Buhler is an up and coming painter of these parts."

I never met the Garbo-ish lady again or discovered who she was. In all probability she was the midnight stripper in The Blue Angel nightclub I had heard of, and Redvers seldom missed that ecstatic moment when, according to reports, everything came off. I was destined ^{soon afterwards by} never to see that act since the club must have been shut down ~~by~~ the police. ~~very soon afterwards.~~

The Post Office Tower has today erased the houses of Howland Street; and Madame Buhler's, where writers, editors and artists met over aromatic cups of Continental coffee in this ^{cozy} ~~tiny~~ annexe of the old Scala Theatre building, ^{shining with brass,} has similarly vanished.

dropped in
I called at Madame Buhler's the next day for my appointment with
~~PARA~~ Redvers and Philip O'Connor, and noticed a ^{hunched-up,} ~~slouched,~~ sandalled, and
long-haired figure with intense eyes and pursed lips, ^{his high cheek-bones rotating in his tense cobra neck,} who surveyed
the place like a vinegary monarch, took one ~~peppery~~ ^{his high cheek-bones rotating on his tense cobra neck,} look around and
then walked out as casually as he had sailed in. I correctly
guessed he was the poet whose explosive ~~ex-rational~~ and poetic
images, tinged by ^{what Indians call} ~~rasa~~ or poetic taste (literally, taste in the
mouth) were already familiar to me in the literary periodicals of
the time. His ^{poems were} ~~work was~~ by no means as consistently ^{well written} ~~good~~ and needed
careful editorial selection. And since Phil was consistently losing
his typescripts, some years later I used to pay his second wife, ^{who is the Scott of any,} Maria
every time she brought some poems ^{round} to my office in Manchester Square
to add to the growing collection in my cupboard.

Redvers was sorry he was late, and suggested I called at
4 Fitzroy Street, where, he said, Philip often holed up. It was ^{the flat's occupant}
the Apollonian Patrick de Mare with an aureole of blond curly hair
who is currently a psychiatrist and a French button accordionist
of some distinction ^{a cafe in} ~~for relaxation in the cafes of Hampstead,~~ ^{running}
according to recent newspaper reports, who answered the door bell. ^{Girls thought of him as the most handsome chap in the Fitzrovia & those}
"Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some months later
confessed to me in 'The Country Pub' in Rathbone Place that as I
crouched by his gas fire on a brown pouf he thought I was either
the Devil or ^{one} ~~Something~~ Else. ~~[This strange belief of Pat's, the~~
~~son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant, Bror de Mare, the~~
~~shadowy and legendary jarl or 'Earl' of the Scandinavian Society~~
~~of Britain (the painter Sven Berlin~~

On the third day after my arrival in London in January 1958, in the Japanese ship, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha's Kashima Maru, which had been built in Victorian England ~~in~~ Southampton and boasted the service and cuisines of two cultures, (~~"I never travel by any other line"~~ - Haas, the world famous photographer) and not in a sailing boat as colourfully reported by J. Maclaren Ross in his ^{highly coloured} book of misrepresentations and fairy tales ^{titled} ~~called~~ Memoirs of the Forties, I had already discovered Fitzrovia, and settled down at 45 Howland Street, maybe in the same house where Verlaine and Rimbaud had once conducted their stormy love affair. Enid Starkie's book on Rimbaud, which was published around the time of my arrival, gives their exact address in ~~Harland Street~~ ^{but} and over the years I understand from Anthony Dickens ^{that} ~~the system of~~ ^{for the numbering numbering of} ~~numbering the houses~~ may have changed. I have a nose for cities and had ^{instinctively} ~~I had somewhat instructively (I have a nose for cities)~~ set forth the previous night from the now vanished Melbourne House Hotel, in Gower Street, in the general direction of Fitzrovia, and discovered The Harem, a nightclub by The Wheatsheaf Tavern in Rathbone Place, and as I was sipping my beer at my table, who should ^{materialize through the harem Hollywoodized} ~~walk in~~ ^{bead-chain curtain} but the fabulous ^{I am truly not trying to make up a bed-time story for those with a} ~~Greta Garbo!~~ ^{nostalgia for the Forties} She was accompanied by a tall, most distinguished looking individual with reddish hair and beard and piercing eyes. His aquiline features and bearing were arresting and as he hesitated by the entrance with roving eyes, which were like radar probes, ~~mirrors~~, I shot up from my seat impulsively. Would they care to join me for a drink? He was utterly delighted and during the course of the evening I gathered ~~abundant~~ ^{of} curious knowledge about him. He was an errand boy, (by which he was ~~only~~ referring to his nomadic, picaresque style of existence), and a poet to boot. "And so am I," I said, truthfully, having published three slender collections in Ceylon. Could I have a look at some of his poems? "Most certainly," said Charles Haddon Redvers Gray,

Once a child tore off
Your small serrated leaves
And twisted their crushed spines
Into his nostrils, filled
His brain with green-juiced
Mixed with his sweat. His face
Hugged the smell of England.

I was very fortunate to meet Anthony Dickins at this party within a few days after my arrival in London. He had just come down from ~~Cambridge~~ Corpus Christi, Cambridge, where, as the Organ Scholar, he had Marlowe's room with a grand piano on top of which sat a bust of Alcester Crowley's Black Mass ~~man~~ woman, Betty May, by Hugh Sykes Davies, a don at St. John's who was Kathleen Raine's husband until Charles Madge of Mass Observation, from South Africa, rather than the South African poet, the poet, drove up to one of their parties, carried Kathleen into his tiny ~~swank~~ sportscar and drove off - later he did the same to ~~his~~ Stephen's wife, the amazingly tiny and petite ~~man~~ the amazingly tiny and petite Inez, much to 'the sensitive' 's great grief conveyed to me in occasional correspondence ~~with~~ over a period of several months. James, the successful architect, and Anna Madge who writes poetry (have published one of her poems) are Kathleen's and Charles Madge's children; and Kathleen is a grandmother ~~xxx~~ of talented grandchildren. I printed this poster-poem by Thomas A. Madge (aged 8) in Fontschrift for K.F.B., a birthday book/for the American Katharine F. Bennett:

Strip in repro on p.212 of Festschrift for K.F.B.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The sea bubbles/ the wind calls,
The waves burst with laughter the spray flies,
The tide rises, the tide falls,
The sea bubbles the wind ~~sings~~ calls.
The waves burst with laugh-
tor the spray flies,
The wind sings the chores and every
gull cries,
The sea ~~sings~~^{sings} the actor drowns and calls
The tide rises the tide falls.

~~XXXXXX~~ Thomas (not Tom or Tommy) as he is called at home has made it clear his is a poster-poem, a poem meant for exhibition on a wall.

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 Your small serrated leaves
 And twisted their crushed spills
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~~xxxxxxx~~ The tide rises the tide falls ~~xxxxxxx~~

~~xxxxx~~ Thomas (not Tom or Tommy) as he is called at home has made it clear his is a poster-poem, a poem meant for exhibition on a wall,

or in a portfolio or album. He has drawn the ^{photo-mounts} ~~photo-mounts~~ most realistically in his picture.

Betty had been barred from Cambridge by the University's authorities. One night I picked her up ~~int~~ in the Fitzroy Tavern, the heart of Fitzrovia before ~~the~~ the start of the war (when the first air-raid sirens went, it was from this Tavern that we all fled to the shelter of a wine cellar at the corner of Winmill and Whitfield Streets, a performance we never repeated again) after she had pulled up her skirts in public to show her thighs - ~~xxx~~ "Look! I've still got beautiful ~~thighs~~ legs." Ruthven Todd has a similar story to tell in his beautifully ~~printed~~ produced and printed (on Basingwerk parchment) FITZROVIA and the Road ~~xxx~~ to the York Minster (Michael Parkin Fine Art Ltd) . As he relates via one of my favourite Monotype faces, Bell, on sensuous Basingwerk Parchment on which Anthony Dickins and I printed the ~~first~~ ^{first} number of Poetry London, and I can hear Rivvy's staccato, ^{highly strung voice} ~~it has.~~ (it in the ~~xxx~~ one line of conversation/~~which~~/comes ~~through~~ through perfectly in his little anecdote about ~~Augustus~~ Sickert ~~pausing~~ pausing in front of a shop window crammed with ~~glumber's~~ glumber's supplies to exclaim quite seriously to the young Augustus John, "Augustus, my boy, I wish I had a brass cock." When Augustus was writing/^{his} autobiographical pieces for Horizon, ~~assisted~~ assisted by Lillian Browne, Rivvy asked ^{his} him if he wouldn't this in. "Won't fit," was Augustus' reply). "I remember," says Rivvy, "passing once, after closing time, on my way from the George in Mortimer Street to one of the countless "social" clubs of which I was a member. Half-embedded in a strange fashion in a large galvanized garbage can was a female figure, her sex proclaimed by the fact that her skirt was hoisted above the waist, disclosing the lack of any underwear. She was singing, loudly and with emphasis, a song which in those days counted as obscene. I realized that it was Betty May. Her eyes were decisively closed against the harsh light of ~~xxx~~ day

"Two of the regulars chanced by. They p

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May

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"Two of the regulars chanced by. They p

"Two of the regulars chanced by. They paused and examined the peculiar sight. "Silly cow," one of them remarked, "Wonder what she thinks she's up to?" Then they strolled on and it was obvious that, with this comment, all recollections of Betty and her verbal and physical display had been erased from their memories as matters of too slender importance to be worth recall." ~~I was a very shy girl, writing Dickensian English, quite unattractive.~~

(I call Anne)

"As I too went on my way, not wishing to become entangled with Drunken Tiger Woman, I thought that Betty, accustomed to being a frequent centre of attention in the Fitzroy and the clubs, would not have been gratified to have learned how lightly she had been dismissed."

It was Betty's revelations about Aleister in Tiger Woman (ghosted for her by Gilbert Armitage) that brought this interesting poet into disgrace. "The Beast 666", Laird of Boleskine and Abertariff, High Priest of the Abbey of Thelema in Cefalu, Sicily. ~~Years later, years later, I was to publish Lawrence Durrell's first novel in England, under his name, Cefalu was the title of Lawrence Durrell's first novel to appear in England under his own name with the Poetry London imprint for which Vivian Ridler, the present Printer to the University Press, Oxford, designed the cover, and his patron Lady Frieda Harris (we became very good friends) along with Robert Cecil of the Foreign Office) were both wickedly entertaining and, because they deserved to be, I arranged to have his The City of God reviewed in my magazine by Nicholas Moore.~~

phone

together, xixixix

and his patron

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highlight of neglect and his literary recognition

Tony, who was studying conducting under Sir Henry Wood at the Royal College of Music, was thoroughly impressed with my early poems (dedicated to Noemi) and, strangely enough, by my songs which I had composed from the age of 16, for a couple of years. Within the next few days we called on the music publishers

Way W.1 (the address for the first two issues of Poetry London) supplied us with lunch and dinner for 30s. a week or rooms ~~for~~ only for 12s. 6d. Breakfast was served in bed by Charles Haddon Rdevers Gray from Pop's Cafe next door for a commission of 6d. a week. It was one of many Rddversian plans to get rich serving as many Fitzroviaans as possible in this manner. Conveniently, there was an intercommunicating door between the two houses and one only had to knock for Pop, a diminutive man of about 5 ft. to fill our orders for Eggs and Toast and Marmalade and Bacon and Egg and Chips for about 9p. I remember the salmon salad cost 6d. No.114 was bombed during the war and a populous one-storey skaf self-service Indian restaurant occupies the spot which I patronize nowadays, whenever I am around those parts since it has a homely bazaar atmosphere and I can see and pick up for myself certain home-made relishes like ~~xxx~~ fresh coconut spiked with thin slivers of green chilly or those dhal rissoles we call marsala-vadai in Ceylon which used to hot up our schooldays in the noonday sun along with, along with devilled wood-apple or green mangoes much to the annoyance of our parents. The best Underground Stations ^{Streets} for Fitzrovia of my time are Warren, Goodge/and Tottenham Court Road. The old fish and chips shp right opposite No.114 with signs and notices still on display, and still bright with the red paint of a period I don't remember, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ seems as if it must have ceased its brightly lit busy traffic nearly two decades ago. A penny's worth of chips was a welcome snack those days and one bought a 4d. or 6d. worth of fish and chips wrapped in sheets of newspaper or cod's roe of which I was very fond, born as I was by the seaside of Atchuvely in the Northern Jaffna Peninsula where the 'fisherwoman' brought the fruits of the sea straight from the catch for our delighted inspection and the haggling over prices with Eliza our cook in the courtyard of my Grandfather-with-the-Beard (the other being Grandfather of Stone House) proud but pious descendant of Pararajasekharan VIII, the last King of Jaffna, from whom Grandfather

from whom Grandfather of Stone House, ~~xxxxxx~~ poet, editor and philanthropist, S. Tambimuttu Pillai is also descended..... The Portuguese invaded us in 1505...and then came the Dutch... and then the British....The Old Bombay Emporium (today the canners of the popular curry and other spices) still stands in its original modest state in Grafton Way and Indian restaurants flauntingly display their exotic names in Whitfield Street and Grafton Way unlike in my times - the most famous Tandoori (tandoor is the clay baking oven of North India) Restaurant in London, which is very tiny, is in Whitfield Street and bookings are often necessary a day ahead ...the eternal migration and intermingling of cultures^{'''} and I feel I was the first pioneer of all this hustle and bustle, this little Colony perhaps as ~~xx~~ when Cecil Rhodes seized Rhodesia for the British Crown....as my friend Paul Pettis might have said:

And Christ hung up on Calvary
Is man in in main street, Stalingrad.

Redvers would arrive each morning on his rusty bicycle and play his flute in the street (it was his ambition to own a motor-bike, which he did one day through fortuitous circumstances). He would squat in the padmasana or lotus position on the floor and with palms outstretched on either side, eyes pointing to the ceiling and the tip of his neatly trimmed beard cocked at my head, "Alms for the love of Allah, Alms for the love of Allah," he would chant playing the genie in The Thousand and One Nights. "And what would my Lord and Master have for breakfast this morning?"

Almost overnight the house got filled with our friends. The American Adam Zion Margoshes, friend of Philip O'Connor and, during the war years, founder of the famous Phoenix Bookshop in Cornelia Street, Greenwich Village (Fitzrovia had worked its magic on him), now run by Bob Wilson, was one of them. He was also founder of The Village Voice along with my friend Norman Mailer and in my early years in New York its chief feature writer. Charles Blackburn, who designed the logo and the second Lyrebird for the cover of

Poetry London (the first was designed by Lucian Freud)/~~was~~ working for the Metal Box Company at the time ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and until a few months ago was ~~the~~ production manager for my current Fitzrovia effort The Lyrebird Press, was another. (I had found him working as a punch time-keeper ~~at~~ for the Carlton Tower Hotel in Belgravia on my return from New York, or rather he found me, through the interview I had with Valerie Jenkins of The Evening Standard. He had left the Metal Box Company before he qualified for a ~~large~~^{fat} retirement pension to chase a girl across Europe to Greece and today, on an old age pension, he ~~earns extra~~^{cash, which is legal of course,} as a messenger boy at the Grosvenor House in Park Lane. With his dapper and diminutive size, just like Pop of Pop's Cafe (he is a great skater) he looks his part and was overwhelmed recently when the actress Shirley Maclaine sent him out to buy some 'intimates' from a chemist and handed over £1 for the service together with the bonus of her celebrated smile). He was ~~now~~ always nattily turned out in perfect taste, since he is a serious artist as well, ^{and} he always had the manners of a perfect gentleman and at ~~the~~ No. 114 ^{since he lived on the topmost floor,} he was our watchdog for the moment the girl in the building opposite his room took off all her clothes and ^{with perfect unconcern} paraded up and down ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ although she ~~was~~ knew we were all watching.

Russell Croft and his girl friend Fat, ~~xxxx~~ who seemed to be eternally in the shower were other unusual additions to our household. Surprisingly, Russell was recently named as the Public Relations officer for General Walker's Private Home Army for the take over of essential services in Britian should there be a collapse in the Home Front, which sounds like a very ^L Russelian statement. I used to play cricket for his team, the Gentleman of Bloomsbury, and since men were scarce during the war years we once played a team of girls. I remember being bowled to by J.B.S. Haldane's ^{but} neice ~~and~~ I can't remember who got my wicket. It irked a Croft, probable heir ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ up a long ladder to a baronetcy, that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a damned Arab sniper had taken a pot shot at him during the Palestinian war injuring a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ tendon in one leg. At first we had thought

that his tawny beard and breezy manner together with his Jodhpurs, walking stick and fashionable limp which went well with his trim figure and deep-sunken Scots eyes were a carefully rehearsed affectation. He loved amusing us playing 'the old man' on banded legs, with his hands clasped behind his back towards the gas fire and lecturing to us in his old grand-dad voice. He frequented fusty clubs in Whitehall and elsewhere and loved playing the caricature of the part he had chosen for himself up to the hilt while we hooted with laughter. I was invited to his wedding to ~~xxxxxx~~ my good friend Honor Frost who was in charge of publications at the Tate Gallery (she did some lovely etchings of me and my friends, in groups, and I should love to own one of them today) and was later astonished to hear that the marriage had not lasted overnight!

Mary ~~xxxx~~ Hunt, who I later introduced to Ralph Kean, who married her, lived in this house when she was 16. I had rescued her from Lucian Freud at Boris Watson's Coffee An' one night. Bunny Kean ran the documentary ~~xxxxxx~~ Crown Film Unit with Donald Taylor and Basil Wright, maker of the classic documentary film, The Song of Ceylon, which I was pleased the commissioned scripts from/^{the} impoverished Dylan Thomas. When I was impoverished myself, in New York, I sold a letter from Dylan which read: "Dear Tambi, Please let me have the guinea you owe me for my last poem. Yours, Dylan."

Mary's beauty was stunning. "She is the most beautiful English girl I ever saw," Ruthven Todd, the poet told me when ~~he~~ saw her sitting on a deck chair, sunning herself, on the half-way roof up to my room. Artists Augustus John and Matthew Smith both fell for her. A book of drawings by Augustus has her face on its cover and Matthew left her £2,000 a year together with all his paintings and drawings which were of her duplex in Cornwall Gardens ^{now} strewn all over the place/when I visited on my return from New York. Matthew once told me his secret remedy for sleeplessness. He sprinkled

cold water over his naked body and lay on the floor. He was so miserable and cold ^{after that} ~~that~~ ^{soon back} ~~soon~~ he was ⁱⁿ ~~was~~ bed again, and glad to be asleep. We had a large basement at 114 painted black with large gold stars and a battered up piano. Word of our parties soon got around Fitzrovia since they could smell my parties all the way down Grafton Way and Whitfield street because of the incense we used. We had good exhibition dancers, besides, in the shape of the Australian painter Donald Friend and fellow Australian Leila Suleu. She was indeed one of the most beautiful women in the world and settled down in Paris to a married life and we lost her. Herbert ~~Emm~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ Read sent Donald on some ~~wild~~ ~~artistic~~ wild-geese chase to Africa from where he wrote to say that he had gotten the pox. He was back ^{but} in England and I saw him in London on my way to New York ~~xxxxxx~~ I saw no change in his wild dancing or Donald. He is a celebrated artist back home today and I keep thinking to myself he must be dreaming of Fitzrovia still. Another beautiful girl of our circle was the tall, ^{and full} ~~but~~ most perfectly ^{our} ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{proportioned} ~~Hetta~~ Crouse from South Africa who ~~xxxx~~ ^{graced} ~~my~~ ^{parties} with fellow South African ~~xxxx~~ ~~sculptor~~ Rene Craetz. But we soon lost her to William Empson. She invited me to do some gardening with her and I went down to Bill's garden dutifully. When we were in the drawing room having been very fond of Hetta "Come and sit on my lap, Hetta," I said. "That is not your style, Tambi dear," she said. "I hear you have been gardening with Hetta," Bill tells me the next day. ~~That's~~ That's how close we were those days in Fitzrovia," even before the magazine had appeared ^{and} everybody knew everybody else. It was exactly the same in Paris before the war. In no time I had run across Zadkine, Brancusi, Triton Tsara, Henry Miller, ~~xxxx~~ Bracchi, Giacometti, Pierre Jean Jouve, ~~xxxx~~ Supervielle etc.

wartime/ on the ~~Albanian~~ (?)

By the end of February 1939 when the first number of Poetry London
had been in the bookstalls for a month with the "special
souvenir cover" Dylan Thomas mentions in his letter to Vernon Watkins
(p.51 of Letters to Vernon Watkins) drawn by Hector Whistler,
nephew of James MacNeill Whistler who came to our chiefly Sibelius
musicals at 3 or 4 a.m. in the morning with a steaming pot of hot coffee
in his hand - his cousin Rex Whistler had a studio in Charlotte Street
while Hector lived in Bloomsbury - our humble dwelling in Whitfield
Street had been visited by many celebrities of today. We had a/
^{re-publication visit from}
Lawrence Durrell and his brother Gerald who at that time was only fourteen.
^{Larry} gave a typically ^{entertaining}, watercoloured account of his first
visit (I am not at all suggesting that what he said was untrue) to David
Jenkins who was a reporter for the Evening Standard in March 1969. Gerald
grew up to run a zoo in Jersey and write entertaining books like My Family
and Other Animals. Which is funny really since a
few doors away in Whitfield Street stood Dr Marie Storer's ^{Family Planning} Clinic.
She, too, wrote constant letters to me with enclosures of her poems. She
and our present day Sir John Waller, ^{descendant} of Edmund Waller the
^{cavalier} poet who wrote "Go lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time
and me" had together founded a company which published a magazine called
Kingdom Come which I had unkindly nicknamed Condom King although they had very
kindly published some of my poems. As everybody knows Sir John needs no
advice on birth control and I've asked him constantly, "Why this liason
Johnny?" Yarnavelt Boldemann, ^{nephew both} of
Sibelius and his conductor Yarnavelt also visited, as his uncle thought
London was the best place to study music.
Anais Nin and her husband Ian Hugo also surprised me a call quite early one
morning after we had had a magnificent evening together in Larry's Camden
Hill ^{Road} house which Anais had lent to him and first wife Nancy
Nancy who was a tall, blond and beautiful girl, a painter. (I wonder
why Larry has never republished his poem for her which appeared in PL No.4,
which is one of the best poems he has written...)

Among those present the previous evening were George Barker and Douglas Warth, the sensational reporter for the Sunday Pictorial and The Daily Mirror, who was made a special policeman in the wartime blackouts and was credited with putting the Messina brothers, ~~business~~ ~~businessmen~~ who ran the red light district of London out of business -- once at The Hog in the Pound near my office in Manchester Square which I considered to be my own new stamping ground, a wreath addressed to him was delivered by the Messina brothers. At that time he had a play on the boards (or was it at Oxford?). He was swathed in bandages and it was an extraordinary story he told us that evening. He had vowed to get his girl friend back or drive a knife through his aching heart and had notified The Daily Telegraph to this effect while promising them despatches on the gruesome proceedings. His girl friend would not have him back, so he had proceeded with his plan, sent his despatches to The Telegraph and there he was before ~~us~~ our eyes straight out of hospital. The affair lost him, as we affectionately called him, his friendship with Anais and Hugo but he continued to be a very good friend of mine until he died a few years ago.

Larry sang a lovely song from the Old English strumming his guitar:

And there in that orchard lieth a knight
His wounds are bleeding day and night
Lully, lully lully, lullaby may

And there by that knight there kneeleth a maid etc

He had written to Anais in Paris enclosing the first copy of FL and asking her to come straightaway to London to meet me "since you both have similar handwriting," just as he had written that same very month, as he has written, to Dylan Thomas to tell him that his ~~unpleasant~~ "crabbed, botchy script" resemble Emily Bronte's, mailing him a facsimile photocard from ^{the} Autograph Collection in the British Museum.

Anais had caught the night train that very day, she told me in New York, and as I left that party Hugo stood by the bedroom door by the stairs holding the coffee table edition of The House of Incest in both hands like ~~an~~ a white cellophane-wrapped tea-tray or an oriental gift. When I got back to Whitfield Street, I read through the book in half an hour and got so ~~excited~~ excited and curious over the identity of the author that I rang up Larry at once, late as it was. "Is Anais Nin a man or a woman?"

"My dear chap, you've been talking to her all evening," was his surprised reply.

Whence, I supposed, Anais early morning visit. "London is no place for you. Come with us to Paris this morning." I was too busy with the second number of PL, I said. "Well, then, you can have my apartment in the rue Cassini when you come up to Paris." That was the sole conversation we had, and she left as abruptly as abruptly as she had arrived.

The next summer, sure enough, she sent me the keyes for her apartment from Antibes at Tony's prodding who had found me ensconced in Montparnasse in ~~the Hotel Universelle~~ Philip O'Connor's favorite Hotel, the Hotel Universelle off the Boulevard Edgar Quinet. The room cost about 7 shillings a week. The net result of all this channel traffic and Larry's genius for putting people in touch with each other was that, in the Forties, PL was her first publisher on either side of the Atlantic. Her three previous volumes had been privately issued by ~~herself~~ herself and and Hugo, two of them printed by herself on a hand press. Her three volumes of writing were included in my publication Under a Glass Bell which had poor reproductions of Hugo's engravings. Unfortunately we had to use wartime newsprint and to my utter horror when the copies arrived with ANAIS NIN ~~xxxx~~ in large ~~hand-drawn~~ hand-drawn red lettering on the nice jacket, I discovered on the title page itself the diacritical mark on the i of Anais name had shifted over to the left on top of the a.

Rumours spread quickly in Fitzrovia and we didn't even have to b other hunting for a printer. One day a gentleman with a bowler hat and rolled up umbrella ~~xxxx~~ turned up at 114 on behalf of the Women's Printing Society of Brick Street, Picadilly, with an offer to print the first number of PL. He had heard of the project from the poet and novelist Rayner Heppenstall. The nice lady printers and Hector Whisler

used up in No. 1.

The name of Hiawatha's daughter
 wasⁿ Minchaha, Running Water.
 But let me think, when fancy quickens,
 Of Tonimuttutambidickins;
 And never send a verse that's phoney
 To Dickinstambimuttutony,
 Nor post a work that's nanby pamby
 To Muttutonydickinstambi.
 So praise, like widow fired in suttee
 To Tambidickinsmuttutony.
 So keep this rule until Last Day
 And God will ~~wipe~~ wipe your sins away.

On receipt of my first letter to him, together with our circular,
 printed with the £5 birthday present to Tony from his Stowe schoolmate,
 Lord Westbury, Dylan had written to his chum Vernon Watkins, before
 its appearance: "There's a new periodical, Poetry (London) which
 promises to be, if nothing else, well produced. Edited by a man
 or woman called Tambimuttu." And after its publication, my present
 neighbour John Lehmann of The Hogarth Press and New Writing told me
 he had thought my name belonged to some secret society. Mr Anthony

Thwaites of the New Statesman couldn't have looked at my magazine
 when he wrote his article in the New Statesman at that
 when he wrote in that journal that the London bit to Poetry London

said in that
 that the London bit to
Poetry London was not added on until the ~~seventh~~ third ~~number~~ or
 fourth numbers. Nor could ^a serious ~~man~~ and ~~lay~~ critic follow the
 non-literary J. MacLaren Ross bit of Punch humour about ~~the~~ PL 10
 which he compared to Chums Annual - it was ~~264~~ ^{264 p.p.} pp. long; of poets

I had not paid or something silly like that. Anyone who picks up
 an expensively bound expensively produced volume will
 that well-bound and well-produced see there in very heavy old type
 that I revived: ABOUT THIS NUMBER: there ~~are~~ ^{are} poets who have never before
 appeared in print, or in Poetry London. It was meant to shake up
 the Establishment and prove my point/literary coteries had no meaning
so the bit that

xxxxof first book of poems Confusions about X with that title
for the title for xxx review in PL No. 2 in my review Mr. Symons in
xxxhis nursery in PL No. 2:

21A

(quote

m/10 Feb 1971 is playing ball with my name
when he wrote his article Tambimutterings (see he/has played xxx
arcane ~~xxxxxx~~ name in that journal
with my ~~name/xxxxxx~~ and yet another ~~xxxxxx~~ issue of The
New Statesman
- Tambiguity ~~xxx~~: Julian Symonds had in anger written an article about
me, Tuttifrutti or the worse of for poetry (how did he know) with childish
In Memoriam black black borders round the page when I had reviewed his
(Quote here from the Christmas number of Last year's

New Statesman):

Theaty thwaithe probably doesn't
deserve my nickname
Mr Thoatrythwaithe (Thought Thoat is the name of an excellent pop group-/
in the making of which we shall hear much in the New Year year 1975, Irish
for Thoat, the ex-manager of Emerson, Lake and Palmer is Thoat's manager
- a group of three Irishmen and two Yugoslavs) couldn't possibly have read
my Poetry London (indeed he hasn't

when he wrote his article Tambimuttuerings on 10 February 1971 (see he is playing playing ball with my arcane name in the Christmas issue of the same journal in A Christmas Garland with poems on Robert Lowell, Richard Wilbur, Sylvia Plath and myself -Tambiguity -: Julian Symonds had set the precedent ~~before the war~~ in 1939 before the war in an article called Tuttifrutti or the words for poetry with childish In Memoriam black borders round the page when I had reviewed his first book of poems Confusions about X in my review Mr Symonds in his Nursery in ~~PL2x~~ PL No.2 published in April 1939:

"It is lovely to say in grandiose terms that poetry should have a sociological significance; for that matter all poetry ~~all poetry~~ has some sort of sociological significance. But, how much of modern poetry Are Gascoyne's, Thomas', St. John of the Cross' or the Sufi mystics' really does have a genuine sociological significance? (For instance/- 2.5 sec 2.5 sec interpolation of my 1974 copying of what I wrote in 1974) what "sociological significance" - I think Randall Swingler of the Left Review and the early ~~Macspanday~~ Macspanday, ^{the composite beast of} Macneice, Spender, Auden or Roy ~~Campbell's~~ Campbell's satiric Flowering Rifle - Macspanday and and Roy, ~~who~~ who was a Catholic belonged to opposite camps in the Spanish Civil War, along with Geoffrey Grigson who ~~owned~~ owed his success to the publication of Auden's early poems, and his support of them, which we liked best, and Wystan quickly scrapped them - coined "social significance" ~~along with~~ along with Objective Reporting ~~in poetry~~ (!) in poetry - Grigson's phrase. He may have tried to emulate Charles Madge's and Tom Harrison's Mass Observation). If Louis MacNeice writes a sociological poem such as Autumn Journal, so much the better, for MacNeice MacNeice can write well, and it will educate educate people ~~people~~ to the social struggle that is happening today. (On the other hand, ^{another interpolation} ~~the Venezuelan who writes great songs won't have them published or recorded for the music is a part of his private self and he does not want it mixed up with commercialism - he is ~~successful~~ studying dairy farming to make money back home~~). Poems by Spain, published by John Lehmann of The Hogarth Press is a good thing and the more people realize its meaning, the better. But does the work of

But, ~~these~~ the work of Auden catechumens have any social meaning? I would like Mr. Julian Symons to answer. How many people enjoy reading reading this or feel that they have been touched or educated sociologically? Most of the juvenile ~~pen~~-pushers write poems that are merely the result of their self-ordained and obstinate ~~self~~ inner disintegration. The rest have merely supplied texts for the psychologists. Some have bitten off more of Eliot-Auden than they can hold without changing colour, and the others moon over jig-saw puzzles with Dylan Thomas and Gerard Manley Hopkins as peices. And all the while they shout that they want social objectivity etc. etc. Invention is a good thing, but while searching for new possibilities in language we must have our feet firmly planted on ~~the ground~~ earth. That is why one must read a book like The White Cry (interpolation - another book I reviewed by a young ~~New Zealand~~ poet Douglas Stewart, and I've never heard of him since). Although all its evocations are of a minor nature, it is full of the antipodean joy of life, and, what is more, it is exciting poetry. New images come to him ~~xxx~~ easily without painful striving - a lesson for a great many young poets.

Julian Symons poetry is (on the other hand) 'competent, flat, dull. The book is a confusion about confusions, about X's, turnips, gewgaws, cabbage leaves. It is neurosis striving for ~~an~~ confusion. Mr Symons himself is doubtful his big Nob X because in the original version of Dedication published in his paper he had the line "Your X moving like a train(?), which he has changed ~~xxxxx~~ to "X moving like a train in his book." No one knows a face/ or knows a face's x". ~~To~~ "To X for help." "He is the X to whom I play the drums" (?) "I should like to know more about X." "X it is true is about now," He reels and tapes it out. Symons' poetry is perfect booksy-booksy poetry; part Gavin Ewart, Mallalieu, ~~Ruthven~~ Ruthven Todd, to whom he owes his technique, and part Philip O'Connor from whom he has cribbed the rest. I am only speaking of the direct sources of his inspiration:

Night is as fatal as home. There are
In night's retractive fingers or
Water slapping the sky signs enough
To make one push a hand through roof
Feeling life outside as real as hair.
From touch of of fingers of or hair.....

A downright crib from one of ~~xxx~~ Philip O'Connors poems. It is sad to see an editor cribbing from nearly every one of his contributors, besides Eliot and Auden. Let me open the book at random. Three consecutive poems begin like this: Night is as fatal as home." "This summer ~~evening/xxxxparticular~~ evening and particular death/ Let us consider." "Let us applaud this and the other evenings/When darkness comes comes at half past seven." Ding-Dong. It is evident that Mr Symons is squeezing himself to duplicate Auden's tone and attitude of ~~xxxx~~ mind (that is why I damned the Cartesian attitude, raison), in the second as well as subsequent Letters ~~(xxxxxxx)~~ - a more informal term than Editorial) ~~xxxx~~ for lines from Auden immediately sigh protest. We have heard this before "Taller today, we we remember similar Evenings/ Walking together in the/Windless orchard." ~~xx~~ "Doom is dark and deeper than any ~~sapping~~ sea-dingle." (Why the egg in the mouth, why the lordly survey and consideration of an ordinary summer's day, the stilted survey, with prince Nez?) As for more obvious cribs from all sources, I leave to people who are sufficiently interested to Mr Symons. Perhaps no one knows better than Mr Booksy Symons himself what ~~xxxx~~ a pernicious type of composite he is. Musical Box Poem is one of Mr Symons' technical exercises in the Dylan Thomas style. This review is, however, meant for those who frequent parties at Winchmore

to his own magazine New Verse, 210

Hill (which is the part of London where ~~London~~ Julian lived).

style or
Which is neither my ~~sort~~/of writing, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~/criticism
since I have always believed that appreciation, especially by writing
a poem to the poet, in ~~the~~ Indian fashion, is the best form of
criticism; the way the French-speaking poet laureate of Pondicherry
in French ~~India~~ India showed his appreciation of my grandfather's poetry
through the medium of their common ~~language~~ mother tongue, Tamil. The bad
bad (and what is bad about a limeric, a clerihew, a ballad, ~~whichxxxxxxxx~~
~~alsoxxpoetryxxwhatxisxxwrongxxbetweenxxBobxxDylanxxSxxxxsongxxandxxanotherxx~~
~~poetryxxisxx)~~ ~~xxcan'txxexistxx~~ and a Bob Dillon song, except one is different
all
from the other - they are/a form of expressions, the Bob Dillons too)
could exist by itslef giving pleasure to some people but the best will
become famous ~~throughxxquotationxx~~ through quotation by people who have
tasted its rasa, or taste in the mouth. There's only one other time

magazine
I have written in this ~~style~~ in my ~~magainze~~/and that was when Geoffrey
T.S. Eliot and even his own in Polemic and I had to answer him in PL
Grigson denigrated Dylan Thomas/and there is a special reason for
besides is that it's only ~~thaxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
quoting so extensively from this ascerbic piece/. ~~It'sxxxxx~~ the continuation
with Julian in
~~xxxx~~ of an argument I had/in Madame Buhler's cafe one evening ~~xxxxxx~~
which turned out to be the ~~xxxxxx~~ fuel
around November 1938, ~~whichxxxxx/xxxxxx~~ for the launching for Poetry
London. ~~xxxxxx~~

It was one
I ~~was~~ at Madame Buhler's ~~that~~/evening in the company of Anthony
~~xxxxxx~~
Dickins and Keidrych Rhys, editor of Wales, ~~which/xxxxxx~~
~~xxxxinformation~~ that I ~~metxxJulianxx~~ met Julian, Editor of Twentieth Century
Verse which was one of ~~thexthreex~~ important

Corpus Christi Carol

Lullay, lullay, lullay, lullay,

The falcon harts home my make
away

He bore him up, he bore

He bore him down
an orchard brown.

That orchard there was an hall
that was hang'd with purple

and fall.
And in that hall there was a bed;

It was hang'd with gold & red.

And there in that bed there ~~was~~ lieth
a murther,

This wounded is bleeding day &
night.

By that bed's side there kneeleth
a may,

And she weepeth both night & day.

And by that bedside there standeth
Corpus Christi written ^{a stone} thereon.

(So that I am the Great (7))

no meaning for me. I have published poems ~~fm~~ by children^{of} 4. So what's wrong with my idea that every man has the stuff of what we call poetry in him?

Some of the names I have mentioned so far were true Fitzrovians in the sense of Bohemians, and of Byron's a roving at night, of which ~~Shakespeare~~ Charles Haddon Redvers Gray was the paragon. But there is one chief person I would like to add with whom I had many a midnight chat in James McNeil Whistler's old studio in Fitzroy Street. Paul Potts, "the hick poet from the Canadian praries," as he called himself would prop up his feet on a chair, and puffing away at his corncob pipe recite some of his poems (which he now quite wrongly calls non-poems - he has been brainwashed by the critics during my absence in America). Even the sentences he constructed in his sonorous Canadian voice had the structure of music and poetry. He was a pure poet, a poet of the future, with a Whitmanesque sweep and ring who spoke of ordinary things in simple and unaffected language: But listen people/ Anywhere punching time;/ If you're walking to the moon/ I've got clean sox for you." and "But I have ~~ixient~~ tried/ To leave for ever in your ears/ The noise that men make/ When they break their chains. ~~Or until the world~~ is Blackpool/ In August in the Afternoon. And again:

No building, not the Pantheon
No poem, not the Iliad,
No music, even if it is by Bach,
Is more important than a man,
A brakey on a railroad track.

His simple words were well rounded and chosen and over the years he repeated the same thoughts and words until they had a Pottsonian ring and were very soon his own. They sparkled anew every time ^{he spoke them} as if he had been constantly honing them with a woodsy Indian wisdom, which actually he had. One felt at home with Paul and his open, naked face with the long aquiline nose and domed forehead wreathed with corncob smoke; his humourous and restless eyes, disillusioned eyes

which stubbornly clung to his dream and the few people he loved.

I felt impelled to publish some of his poetry in PL No.2 and it was for the publication of Paul in the PL series of books that I created the Ballad Books for the publication of a more popular sort of poetry meant for recitation which fitted in well with the Poetry London Yearbooks of Jazz egged on by the vast enthusiasm of ^{that big egg-head} friend Nicholas Moore ^{CSun of the philosopher G. E. Moore who taught with Ginsberg} who used to work in my office. The first was New Lyrical Ballads edited by Maurice Carpenter which included work by Randall ^{father of all} ~~Swinger~~ Swingler and Herbert Corby and the second Instead of a Sonnet ^{with Ginsberg in the work} by Paul for which I had to coin a new label 'poetic poetry' when writing the blurb. Paul had been publishing broadsides called A Poet to his People for sale in the streets for 1p. In my time in England Paul had not yet published a book of prose. But on my return from New York, nearly two decades later, I jokingly asked him whether he had a book for sale. He offered me the reprint rights to his book Dante Called you Beatrice and we signed a contract for a token advance of £1 although I was not yet a publisher. When he delivered ^{the book} I found that his ^{PROSE} ~~poetry~~ is just the same as his poetry, what's the difference between poetic prose and poetry anyway? And I do think it's silly of him to write in his latest book Invitation to a Sacrament that there is so much real poetry in his prose that it does not need the verse which he thinks ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ is terrible - in the words of the blurb ⁱⁿ which I detect the authentic Pottsonian ring! Ha. Ha. Anyway Paul was an important element of the Fitzrovia scene as he is, I believe, even today since I often run into him ⁱⁿ the French Pub (The York Minster) and Muriel's Colony Club still used by Lucian Freud, Francis Bacon, Johnny Craxton and Christopher Moorsom who belongs to the true Fitzrovia tradition although I first met him in New York where for a little while he worked as P.R. for Poetry London-New York.

It was from the nests of Whitfield Street, Rowland Street ^{& Fitzroy St} and ^{with the} Fitzroy Tavern for our home run that the idea of Fitzrovia in the verbal sense was first born. I am afraid it was Charles Haddon Gray's influence and his love of William J Locke's The Beloved Vagabond which ^{he} gave me to read (Redvers is the jolly Old Man who was the vagabond, like himself, and I was the small boy, his companion, Asticot, or little ~~maggot~~ maggot - C'est un drôle d'asticot!) ^{that gave me the} idea of our group as vagabonds and ~~seekers~~ sadhakas or Seekers, as the Buddha was at the start. When he read of my arrival in England in

in August 1968 in an interview I had with ~~My~~ Polly Toynbee - I had only called on my publishers to collect some royalties and she was there - daughter of an old friend - and he left a message for me with Paula Shaw-Lawrence ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ one of the greatest Fitzrovians ever (mother of Bettina Shaw-Lawrence, the painter) signed The Old Man from the Forest. Tony had been cut off by his father with £1 a week since he disapproved of his musical studies. Redvers wandered round the streets late at night to his own time-table, The Blue Angel at midnight and always Fllet Street after that for hot doughnuts which he brought back home when I was living in Howland Street with my neighbour, Tommy Farr's sparring partner's sister trying *it was real like she had some Big Plans for me but I was too innocent to housekeep for me* or when I dosed down at Redvers' for a fortnight *at the time* when my money had run out. I too was a true wanderer now.

I had ~~xxxx~~ only turned up in London to surprise the girl I was going to marry with my unexpected presence. She had been bombarding me with letters to come to England and she, in her turn, had been dragged down to London on the pretext ~~of~~ that her father who was our High Commissioner here wished to present her at Court, but actually it was to separate us since we were creating a scandal in Ceylon. I was not present when she thoroughly ~~shook~~ ^{up} Redvers by tucking up her gold embroidered sari to clean my room, ~~but~~ ^{and} she did give me the chance of having her back when she called on Tony and me when we shared the room on top of the arch opposite Great Ormonde Street Children's Hospital which still stands there to my utter astonishment.

Tony played the piano for her at five in the morning ^{and} ~~xxx~~ I took her for coffee at the all night cafe right beside Russell Square Tube Station. She had wandered all night all over Fitzrovia from one address to another and it was a miracle she had found ^{me} at all. I only heard the full story of what had happened that night when I ~~xxx~~ was having a solitary drink at 4 a.m. on the lawn of the Havelock Golf Club in Colombo in 1950 on my return to Ceylon from a distant cousin who had happened to notice the club lights were on at that strange hour. She had thrown her husband's typewriter out of the ^{win dow} ~~down~~ and come out looking for me.

She was pregnant, should she have the baby. Being a noble man I said, of course, and she left at once. I had won ~~xxxxxx~~ her from the envious eyes of two future prime ~~xxxxxx~~ ministers of Ceylon and lost her since I had written ~~to her~~ to tell her I had fallen ~~xxx~~ madly ~~xx~~ in love with a girl called Noemi - a name I had fished out of Guy de

Mompessant -it was she who introduced me to D.H.Lawrence - and would
 she look after her when she arrived in England. She wrote back "Hurrah!
 Of Course" and proceeded to give me an account of the mad breakfast
 parties she had been to during Boating Week in ~~Summer~~ (?) Oxford
 with her cousins. In the meantime my novel was Naomi (?), which
 was herself, was on its way ~~by~~ to her by sea with me to follow a couple
 of weeks later - a couple of weeks too late. it left me with a sense of
 the eternal loneliness of men and women despite all our words and
 stances. When we die we die alone to be recycled in the Supreme ~~Energy~~
 Energy

Once a child tore off
 your small serrated leaves
 and twisted their crushed spills
 Into his nostrils, filled
 his brain with green-juiced briar
 Mixed with his sweat. His fists
 Hugged the smell of England.

I was very fortunate to meet Anthony Dickins at this party within a few days after my arrival in London. He had just come down from Corpus Christi, Cambridge where, as the Organ Scholar, he had ~~the~~ Marlowe's room with a grand piano ~~xxxxxx~~ the top of which sported a bust of Aleister Crowley's Black Mass woman, Betty May, who had been barred from Cambridge ~~by the~~ *Anti society's author files*. One night I ~~xxx/xxx~~ *picked her up* in the Fitzroy Tavern, the heart of Fitzrovia before the outbreak of war, after she had pulled up her skirt in public to show her thighs - "look, I've still got beautiful legs." It was her revelations about Aleister in Tiger Woman that brought this. He and his patron Lady Harris were both ~~most amusing and~~ *wichesty and interesting* poet into disgrace. ~~and after our first meeting arranged to have~~ his poems reviewed in Poetry London, *because they deserved to be.*

Tony, who was studying conducting under Sir Henry Wood at the Royal College of Music was thoroughly impressed with my early poems (dedicated to Noemi) and, strangely enough by my songs which I had composed from the age of 16 to 18. Within the next few days we called on the music publishers in Shaftesbury Avenue where we were given gratis six or eight discs, all they had left in their office, of the old Eclipse record with my very first song on it which had been sold in Woolworth stores and managed to sell another, The Hindu Love Song, to Day and Co. in the real Tin Pan Alley, Denmark Street which however never appeared, probably due to my indifference. In England I was shedding ~~what~~ *part of* England had given me in Ceylon. We went to Stephen Spender's Trial of a Judge at The Group Theatre which had also performed Auden's ~~xxxxxx~~ Ascent of F 6 and submitted some of my poems to a couple of magazines. We found a house, 114 Whitfield Street, where the jolly landlady who was immensely ~~fat~~ *fat and living*, Mrs Schouterden ~~xxxxxx~~ married to a Belgian, ~~living~~ *living* at 64 Grafton

Her daughter Valma who I later visited when she was settled in Gt. ...
was Duxon and charming with sancer-like eyes + boasts of ...
I asked her for her commission in ~~No. 1~~ PL No. 1 which we published
in PL No. 2.

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Way W.1 (the address for the first two issues of Poetry London) supplied
us with lunch and dinner for 30s. a week or rooms ~~for~~ only for 12s. 6d.

para | Breakfast was served in bed by Charles Haddon Rdevers Gray from Pop's Cafe

next door for a commission of 6d. a week. It was one of many Rddversian
plans to get rich serving as many Fitzorvians as possible in this manner.
Conveniently, there was an intercommunicating door between the two houses
and one only had to knock for Pop, a diminutive man of about 5 ft. to
fill our orders for Eggs and Toast and Marmalade, and Bacon and Egg and
Chips for about 9p. I remember the salmon salad cost 6d. No. 114 was bombed
during the war and a populous one-storey ~~xxx~~ self-service Indian

restaurant occupies the spot which I patronize nowadays, whenever I am
around those parts, since it has a homely bazaar atmosphere and I can

see and pick up for myself certain home-made relishes like ~~xxx~~ fresh
coconut spiked with thin slivers of green chilly or those dhal rissoles

we call marsala-vadai in Ceylon which used to hot up our schooldays in
the noonday sun along ~~with, along~~ with devilled ^{and ~~devilled~~ devilled} wood-apple ^{or green} ~~or green~~ ^{chicks-peas!}

~~mangees~~ much to the annoyance of our parents. The best Underground Stations
for ^{the} ~~Fitzrovia~~ of my time are Warren ^{Street} ~~Goodge~~ ^{Streets} and Tottenham Court Road.

The old fish and chips ^{shop} ~~shp~~ right opposite No. 114 with signs and notices
still on display, and still bright with the red paint of a period I don't
remember, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ seems as if it must have ceased its brightly

lit busy traffic nearly two decades ago. A penny's worth of chips was
a welcome snack those days and one bought a 4d. or 6d. worth of fish

and chips wrapped in sheets of newspaper or cod's roe of which I was very
fond, born as I was by the seaside of Atchuvely in the Northern Jaffna

Peninsula where the 'fisherwoman' brought the fruits of the sea straight
from the catch for our delighted inspection and the haggling over prices

with Elizam our cook in the courtyard of ^{Grandfather of Stone House} ~~my Grandfather with the Beard~~
(the other being Grandfather ^{with the Beard} ~~of Stone House~~) ^{decan rant of} ~~proud but pious descendant~~

of Pararajasekharan VIII, the last King of Jaffna, from ~~whom~~ Grandfather

Poetry London (the first was designed by Lucian Freud)/~~who~~ was working for the Metal Box Company at the time ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and until a few months ago was ~~the~~ production manager for my current Fitzrovia effort The Lyrebird Press, was another. (I had found him working as a punch time-keeper ~~at~~ for the Carlton Tower Hotel in Belgravia on my return from New York, or rather he found me, through the interview I had with Valerie Jenkins of The Evening Standard. He had left the Metal Box Company before he qualified for a large ^{fat} retirement pension to chase a girl across Europe to Greece and today, on an old age pension, he ~~earns extra~~ ^{cash, which is legal of course,} as a messenger boy at the Grosvenor House in Park Lane. With his dapper and diminutive size, just like Pop of Pop's Cafe (he is a great skater) he looks his part and was overwhelmed recently when the actress Shirley Maclaine sent him out to buy some 'intimates' from a chemist and handed over £1 for the service together with the bonus of her celebrated smile). He was ~~now~~ always nattily turned out in perfect taste, since he is a serious artist as well; ^{he} always had the manners of a perfect gentleman and at ~~the~~ No. 114, ^{since he lived on the topmost floor,} he was our watchdog for the moment the girl in the building opposite his room took off all her clothes and paraded up and down ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ^{with perfect unconcern} although she ~~now~~ knew we were all watching.

McKinnon

Russell Croft and his girl friend Pat, ~~xxxx~~ ^{among her} who seemed to be eternally ^{unusual characters in} in the shower, were ~~other~~ ^{unusual} additions to our household. Surprisingly, Russell was recently named as the Public Relations officer for General Walker's Private Home Army for the take over of essential services in Britian should there be a collapse in the Home Front, which sounds like a very Russellian statement. I used to play cricket for his team, the Gentleman of Bloomsbury, and since men were scarce during the war years we once played a team of girls. I remember being bowled to by J.B.S. Haldane's neice ^{but} ~~and~~ I can't remember who got my wicket. It irked a Croft, probable heir ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ up a long ladder to a baronetcy, that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a damned Arab sniper had taken a pot shot at him during the Palestinian war injuring a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ tendon in one leg. At first we had thought

Julian MacLaren Ross's short story about me -
Tambimuttu and the Progress of Poetry London in His
Memoirs of the Forties in which, ^{in Three Contemporary Portraits} and in Punch, he says
I claimed to be a Prince of Ceylon (from which the
Odd Mr. Todd, as I called Ruthven Todd, extracted a
shorter short story about me based on actual fact since
I had done it to the painter Gerald Wilde in high fun
one night at The Wheatsheaf - J.M. Ross having transmog-
rified it - Gerald and I had high jinks every night
throughout the war on the plentiful money provided for
me by the generous Messrs. Nicholson and Watson - if we
are to believe Rivvy in R. McLaren Ross it was my nightly
performance, I mean, this passing of the hat around for
good old Gerald every night - and Rivvy promised in his
article not to cheat by stealing from others who have
looked at the site from a different viewpoint - Rivvy
never was a denizen of Fitzrovia preferring to hide in other
people's offices like Grigson's, John Lehmann's, Cyril
Connolly's and mine or sheltering under the wings of my
dear friend the Hon. David Tennant in his jolly old hole
The Gargoyle Club, while casting a wicked eye on his wife,
the present Marchioness of Bath and my secretary Betty
Tennyson-Jesse, as he confesses in this same article) had
the old royal circles in Ceylon a flutter (the Sinhalese
are Dravidians too, like me, not Aryan which only means
noble (Arya) which I am through our motto Raja Madapaliyar
Arya Kulathar - whence Sinhalese names like Senanayake and
Bandaranayake - Nayak means they are of the Nayak caste -
offspring of a Brahmin and a lower caste lady - Tony
Dickins - who writes for the Genealogical Society's

journal, The Genealogist - has been working on both Noemi's as well as my genealogy to show we are related, the theme of my novel Noemi, the same two people ten centuries ago being the same two people in this century through Darwinian change of genes and gradual change in the chief protagonists' characters throughout the ten centuries, in the 30 or so planned volumes, a massive undertaking!

And Julian's story caused a dashing skirmish in the pages of the Government paper, The Ceylon Daily News, among rival scholars, who finally decided I was in their own words "the great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandson" of Pararajasekharan VIII. Which proved of great interest to me in New York where they like such things and James Laughlin of New Directions told the New York Times to put down Prince Tambimuttu in the obituary on Dylan Thomas but that was only because I had my first name on my notepaper as Thuraijah, as Ronald Bottrall from Rome testily pointed out in his letter to the London Magazine of February 1966. The first article reads rather extraordinarily like Genesis and I am reproducing it in facsimile, one of ten articles on the subject in The Ceylon Daily News:

Journal of the Genealogist

The fashion of my introduction of Mary to Bunny was stunning too. I had taken her to my nightly haunt, The Carribean nightclub, in Denman Street, scene of some of my best known ~~expisixix~~ exploits (Anne Valaoris beware!) where nice black hefty Rudi from Martinique, the proprietor, ^{always} sang Jean Sablon's J'Attendrai for me with his moon-face glowing in the half dark when she suddenly announced that she would very much like to sing a song through the mike. Mind you, she was only 16 and I was probably breaking the law taking her there in the first place. Anyway, it was wartime, and the streets were dark, and everything was happening around me, ^{so} and with Rudi's permission, I lead her to the stage and sit back to watch her beautiful face and lovely body, whereupon she starts crooning to the mike as if it were a baby and, dammit, takes her blouse and bra off as if to feed it. The audience loved her singing and swaying after that, especially Bunny in his dark corner, dark handsome wolf, who demanded to be introduced at once and so the deed was done.

that his tawny beard and breezy manner together with his ~~god~~dhurs, walking stick and fashionable limp, which went well with his trim figure and deep-sunken Scots eyes, were a carefully rehearsed affectation. He loved amusing us playing 'the old man' on bandied legs, with his hands clasped behind his back, towards the gas fire, and lecturing to us in his old grand-dad voice. He frequented fusty clubs in Whitehall and elsewhere ^{with single works where he dragged me along to meet gentle men twice or three times over age} and loved playing the caricature of the part he had chosen for himself up to the hilt while we hooted with laughter. I was invited to his wedding to ~~Honor~~ my good friend Honor Frost who was in charge of publications at the Tate Gallery (she did some lovely etchings of me and my friends, in groups, and I should love to own one of them today) and was later astonished to hear that the marriage had not lasted overnight!

Mary ~~Kean~~ Hunt, who I later introduced to Ralph Kean, who married her, lived in this house when she was 16. I had rescued her from Lucian Freud at Boris Watson's Coffee An' one night. Bunny Kean ran the documentary ~~film~~ Crown Film Unit with Donald Taylor and Basil Wright, maker of the classic documentary film, The Song of Ceylon, which, I was pleased, commissioned scripts from ^{the} impoverished Dylan Thomas. When I was impoverished myself, in New York, I sold a letter from Dylan ^{to the House of Books, New York,} which read: "Dear Tambi,

Please let me have the guinea you owe me for my last poem. Yours, Dylan."

I suppose it rests in state now in the University of Texas since I see from his Selected Letters that others he wrote to me rest in this or just with him in which he wrote in an all out of all manner.

Mary's beauty was stunning. "She is the most beautiful English girl I ever saw," Ruthven Todd, the poet told me when he saw her sitting

on a deck chair, sunning herself, on the half-way roof up to my room.

When I was in New York, I was a spy sent by my friend Geoffrey Keynes who sold a New York to 3 smoke and some of my secrets. **INSERT**

Artists Augustus John and Matthew Smith both fell for her. A book of

drawings by Augustus has her face on its cover and Matthew left her

£2,000 a year together with all his paintings and drawings which were of her duplex in Cornwall Gardens ^{her} strewn all over the place when I visited on my return from New York.

Matthew once told me ^{of} his secret remedy for sleeplessness. He sprinkled

wartime/ on in Abyejaya(?)

→ insert (over)

(in situ)

Johnny?" Laci Varnevelt Boldeman~~y~~, nephew both of Sibelius and
Selim Palm-Gren

~~composer~~
~~his~~ conductor/~~Varnevelt~~ also visited us at 28 Windmill Street
to

~~xxxxxx~~ play on Tony's piano which we had hauled on ropes through
~~xxx~~

the windows because ~~of~~ the ~~narrowness~~~~xxxx~~~~of the~~~~stairs~~ stairs were too
narrow.

~~Varnevelt~~ this was before we moved to Whitfield Street, after it had

been in storage ~~from~~~~xxxx~~ at Jean Hoare's and Philip O'Connor's

for a couple of weeks after transportation from his nursery in the

Hampstead ~~xxx~~ house of his parents. ~~xxxx~~
~~xxxx~~

~~xxxx~~ His uncles thought London was the

best place to study music. Before the year was out Laci conducted his

own ~~tone~~ poem at the age of 19 played by the Royal Military Academy

Orchestra at Woolwich.

Among those present the previous evening were George Barker and Douglas Warth, the sensational reporter for the Sunday Pictorial and The Daily Mirror who was made a special policeman in the wartime blackouts and was credited with putting the Messina brothers, ~~business~~ ~~business~~ who ran the red light district of London out of business - once at The Hog in the Pound near my office in Manchester Square which I considered to be my own new stamping ground, a wreath addressed to him was delivered by the Messina brothers. At that time he had a play on the boards (or was it ^{earlier on} at Oxford?). He was swathed in bandages and it was an extraordinary story he told us that evening. He had vowed to get his girl friend ^{in Stockholm} back or drive a knife through his aching heart and had notified The Daily Telegraph to this effect while promising them despatches on the gruesome proceedings. His girl/friend would not have him back, so he had proceeded with his plan, sent his despatches to The Telegraph and there he was before ~~us~~ our eyes straight out of hospital. The affair lost Bim, as we affectionately called him, his friendship with Anais and Hugo but he continued to be a very good friend of mine until he died a few years ago.

Larry sang a lovely song from the Old English strumming his guitar:

And there in that orchard lieth a knight
His wounds are bleeding day and night
Lully, lully lully, lullaby may

And there by that knight there kneeleth a maad etc

He had written to Anais in Paris enclosing the first copy of PL and asking her to come straightaway to London to meet me "since you both have similar handwriting," just as he had written that same very month, ~~as he has written~~, to Dylan Thomas to tell him that his ~~excruciating~~ "crabbed, botchy script" resembled Emily Bronte's, mailing him a facsimile postcard from ^{the} Autograph Collection in the British Museum.

Anais had caught the night train that very day, she told me ^{later on} in New York, and as I left that party Hugo stood by the bedroom door by the stairs holding the coffee table edition of The House of Incest in both hands like ~~xx~~ a white cellophane-wrapped tea-tray or an oriental gift. When I got back to Whitfield Street, I read through the book in half an hour and got so ~~excited~~ excited and curious over the identity of the author that I rang up Larry at once, late as it was. "Is Anais Nin a man or a woman?"

"My dear chap, you've been talking to her all evening," was his surprised reply.

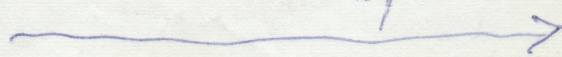
Whence, I supposed, Anais early morning visit. "London is no place for you. Come with us to Paris this morning." I was too busy with the second number of PL, I said. "Well, then, you can have my apartment in the rue Cassini when you come up to Paris." That was the sole conversation we had, and she left as abruptly ~~as~~ abruptly as she had arrived.

The next summer, sure enough, she sent me the keys for her apartment from Antibes at Tony's prodding who had found me ensconced in Montparnasse in ~~the Hotel Universelle~~ Philip O'Connor's favorite Hotel, the Hotel Universelle off the Boulevard Edgar Quinet. The room cost about 7 shillings a week. The net result of all this channel traffic and Larry's genius for putting people in touch with each other was that, in the Forties, PL was her first publisher on either side of the Atlantic. Her three previous volumes had been privately issued by ~~herself~~ herself and ~~and~~ Hugo, two of them printed by herself on a hand press. Her three volumes of writing were included in my publication Under a Glass Bell which had poor reproductions of Hugo's engravings. Unfortunately we had to use wartime newsprint and to my utter horror, when the copies arrived with ANAIS NIN ~~in~~ in large ~~hand-drawn~~ hand-drawn red lettering on the nice jacket, I discovered on the title page itself the diacritical mark on the i of Anais name had shifted over to the left on top of the a.

Rumours spread quickly in Fitzrovia and we didn't even have to bother hunting for a printer. One day a gentleman with a bowler hat and rolled up umbrella ~~xxxx~~ turned up at 114 on behalf of the Women's Printing Society of Brick Street, Picadilly, with an offer to print the first number of PL. He had heard of the project from the poet and novelist Rayner Heppenstall. The nice lady printers and Hector Whisler

in sent

It was damned unfair since George Barker, himself, had helped with the typography - especially the ad for the second number in the inside back cover - the ^{to}loveliest bit of typography in it - while quietly trying to persuade me/include my Ceylonese Love Songs written for Noemi in No.2 (in which he succeeded) and to send them to T.S.Eliot (in which he didn't). The effect of publishing the Ceylonese Love Songs was that a girl of fourteen in a convent wrote to say they were the best things in the magazine and to ask where she could buy some more! Which made me quite giddy. When she was older, ^{I think,}seventeen or eighteen, ~~she~~ she visited me at 26 Manchester Square and quite surprised me ^{quite early one morning} in Bombay, ~~where I was~~ where I ~~had~~ married Safia Tyabjee and settled down, quite ~~early one morning~~ with ~~the~~ a letter headed Intereps Ltd. I ~~have~~ have now forgoteen how she had gotten hold of my address through my wanderings in Ceylon and ~~India~~ India, but she had suddenly blossomed forth into a multi-lingual literary agent (chiefly ~~xx~~ French and Italian) and a wife as well since she had married her partner who was a Frenchman called Max Denis. I believe she has an 18 old son today called Patrick Denis which is sort of like completing a circle for me. She had her offices at No.15 New Row, right ~~xxxx~~ across my beloved 8 Rew Row, Opposite the New Theatre, in St. Martin's Lane ~~which~~ where ~~resided xxxxxxxxxx~~ I outrode a couple of years of wartime blackouts ^{Julius Horwitz, the G.I.} ~~xxxxxxx~~ has a chapter re a visit to this ~~obstreperous~~ obstreperous place in his book ^{in which I am called Mandy not Tambi} Can I Get There by Candlelight - which is like completing another circle/ for me in a life which seems to me entirely composed of circles since I am back in London again after, Colombo, ~~Madras~~ ^{and} ~~Kashmir~~ New York. The girl who I am talking about who ~~had~~ had completed two ~~xxxx~~ cyclic/revolutions ~~for xxxxxxxxxx called Margaret Crosland xxxxxxxx~~ for me in this cyclic pattern in life, which is entirely ^{Supreme} in conformity with Hindu philosophy, man thrust out of the ~~xxxxxx~~ Energy or Brahman, Appearance, and then absorbed back, Disappearance, like a wave rising and ~~xxxxxx~~ and falling on the ocean, or a fountain into the waters that feed it, was called Margaret Crosland.

As for Hector, he had turned up with "the souvenir cover" done up like a copperplate engraving with a perfect engraving of me, ~~plonk~~, in the middle of the page and the contributors names beautifully arranged below it ~~xxxxxx~~ in copperplate lettering ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ A fantastic ^{t/}arrangement in ironwork scrolls surrounded the whole. 

~~misadventure~~ made us postpone the publication day in January to one
 in February. One unfortunate lady compositor had pried up one whole
 galley of type by ~~dropping it on the floor and~~ dropping it on the floor and
 several of our large size pages had to be hand-set all over again. INSERT
insert
cover
 Hector had turned up with "the souvenir cover" ~~drawn like a copperplate~~ *done up like a*
~~engraving with the contributors names~~ *engraving with*
~~a perfect drawing of me, placed in the middle of the page and~~
~~the contributors names beautifully arranged round it in copperplate~~
~~lettering.~~ *underneath* "For goodness sake, Hector, go home and put your thinking
 cap on again," ~~He returned it with~~ He returned it with the hair neatly
 arranged in the pattern of a seashell to hide the features, which will
 explain the origin of that curious shell design on the first two
 numbers of the magazine. *Don't like early one morning, for us,*
~~Another day a second gentleman arrived with~~ *P.R.A.*
 the magnificent offer to manufacture and display six coloured posters
 in six main stations of the London Underground for the sum of about
 £10 for the span of one whole year, I think. We accepted, of course:
 POETRY (London) - The Platform for All Poets the caption screamed
 across sweeping railway lines in four silkscreened colours. And the
 contributors names ~~at the bottom~~ were to be changed every month.
 When the magazine appeared the pioneers of TV were naturally there to
 collect Tony and me at Broadcasting House ~~xx~~ in their big bus to
 appear in their Picture Page from the famous Crystal Palace which
 seemed hellishly miles out of Ole London and beloved Soho. The big
 board said ^{1.} RHUBARB with girl appearing on the stage carrying the plentiful
 rhubarb in a basket and then ^{2.} POETRY (I'm not joking) for Tony and
 me; we were so good they asked us to stay on for the evening show; they
 had made up Tony with dark paint but not me and it was damned hot
 under the carbon arc-lamps and the next day two girls rushed up to us
 in a coffee Place in Tott. Ct. Rd. - we saw you on TVEEE!" And, of
 course the gnomish Laurence Clark turned up in his 'motor' complete
 with Russian midwinter headgear and heavy motoring gloves to give
 us another offering for No.2, the first offering for No. 1 having gotten

used up in No.1.

The name of Hiawatha's daughter
 was ~~Minchaha~~, Running Water.
 But let me think, when fancy quickens,
 Of Tonimuttutambidickins;
 And never send a verse that's phoney
 To Dickinstambamuttutony,
 Nor post a work that's namby pamby
 To Muttutonydickinstambi.
 So praise, like widow fired in suttee
 To Tambidickinsmuttutony.
 So keep this rule until Last Day
 And God will ~~wipe~~ wipe your sins away.

On receipt of my first letter to him, together with our circular,
 printed with the £5 birthday present to Tony from his Stowe schoolmate,
 Lord Westbury, Dylan had written to his chum Vernon Watkins, before
 its appearance: "There's a new periodical, Poetry (London) which
 promises to be, if nothing else, well produced. Edited by a man
 or woman called Tambimuttu. And after its publication, my present
 neighbour John Lehmann of The Hogarth Press and New Writing told me
 he had thought my name belonged to some secret society. Mr Anthony
 Thwaite of the New Statesman couldn't have looked at my magazine
 when he wrote in that journal that ~~the~~ the London bit to ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
Poetry London was not added on until the ~~xxxxxxxx~~ third ~~xxxxxxxx~~ or
 fourth numbers. Nor could serious ~~xxx~~ and lazy critics follow the
 non-literary J. MacLaren Ross bit of Punch humour about ~~the~~ PL 10
 which he compared to Chums Annual - it was ~~296~~ 256 pp. long! of poets
 I had not paid or something silly like that. Anyone who picks up
 that ~~expensively bound~~ ~~expensively~~ ~~xxxxxxxx~~ produced volume will
 see there in very heavy old type
 that I revived ABOUT THIS NUMBER: these are poets who have never before
 appeared in print, or in Poetry London. It was meant to shake up
 the Establishment and prove my point/literary coteries had no meaning

in August 1968 in an interview I had with Elly Polly Toynbee - I had only called on my publishers to collect some royalties and she was there - daughter of an old friend - and he left a message for me with Paula Shaw-Lawrence ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ one of the greatest Fitzroviares ever (mother of Bettina Shaw-Lawrence, the painter) signed The Old Man from the Forest. Tony had been cut off by his father with £1 a week since he disapproved of his musical studies. Redvers wandered round the streets late at night to his own time-table, the Blue Angel at midnight and always Fillet Street after that for hot doughnuts which he brought back home when I was living in Howland Street with my neighbour, Tommy Farr's sparring partner's sister trying to housekeep for me or when I dosed down at Redvers' for a fortnight when my money had run out. I too was a true wanderer now.

I had ~~just~~ only turned up in London to surprise the girl I was going to marry with my unexpected presence. She had been bombarding me with letters to come to England and she, in her turn had been dragged down to London on the pretext ~~of~~ that her father who was our High Commissioner here wished to present her at Court, but actually it was to separate us since we were creating a scandal in Ceylon. I was not present when she thoroughly ~~shook~~ ^{shook} Redvers by tucking up her gold embroidered sari to clean my room, but she did give me the chance of having her back when she called on Tony and me when we shared the room on top of the arch opposite Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital which still stands there to my utter astonishment.

Tony played the piano for her at five in the morning ~~and~~ I took her for coffee at the all night cafe right beside Russell Square Tube Station. She had wandered all night all over Fitzrovia from one address to another and it was a miracle she had found it at all. I only heard the full story of what had happened that night when I ~~ix~~ was having a solitary drink at 4 a.m. on the lawn of the Havelock Golf Club in Colombo in 1950 on my return to Ceylon from a distant cousin who had happened to notice the club lights were on at that strange hour. She had thrown her husband's typewriter out of the window and come out looking for me.

She was pregnant, should she have the baby. Being a noble man I said, of course and she left at once. I had won ~~xxxxxx~~ her from the envious eyes of two future prime ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ministers of Ceylon and lost her since I had written to her to tell her I had fallen ~~xxx~~ madly ~~ix~~ in love with a girl called Noemi - a name I had fished out of Guy de

Maupassant -it was she who introduced me to D.H.Lawrence - and would she look after her when she arrived in England. She wrote back "Hurrah! Of Course" and proceeded to give me an account of the mad breakfast parties she had been to during Boating Week in ~~Stratford~~ Oxford with her cousins. In the meantime my novel was Neemi (~~Neemi~~), which was herself, was on its way by sea with me to follow a couple of weeks later - a couple of weeks too late. It left me with a sense of the eternal loneliness of men and women despite all our words and stances. When we die we die alone to be recycled in the Supreme ~~Energy~~ Energy of Brahman.

of Brahman.

And thus it was that I became ^a true Fitzrovia like my friends Augustus John, Roy Campbell, Gavin Maxwell, Eliabeth Smart or Kathleen Raine, ~~and~~ ^{with me.} of whom used to visit Fitzrovia. But I had had it my soul a very long time ago. When I was 14 ~~and lived in 1 Forbes Road, Colombo, and my cousin, Anton Gardiner~~ ^{I was living at my uncle's in Darley Road. Gardiner is} (a real Ceylonese name: the British wouldn't give us a University) although my relative Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan put up a great fight - he had been moulded by his uncle Sir Muttu Coomaraswamy, ~~friend of Queen Victoria~~ first Asian Knight, friend of Queen Victoria and Disraeli who had him in a novel as a character, Kusinara - the family legend says he recited a poem ~~and said~~ in Buckingham Palace, ~~hurray~~ ^{too,} and said "You know ~~xxx~~ Ma'am my ancestor was a king, / King Harichandra" ^{said, Sir Muttu} ~~whoever he may be, whereupon she~~ ^{with a sword, which always} ~~and gave him the accolade~~ ^{which sounds} ~~more dramatic in Tamil the~~ ^{built on the fables of this century} ~~Tamil language.~~ ^{had given} Today's University of Ceylon stands on the site ~~xxxxxxx~~ Sir Ponnambalam chose ^{but the Americans} ~~the Americans~~ ^{in the previous century} ~~the English~~ ^{had given} a university in Jaffna and added on the Bostonian founding fathers' names to the graduate's real name - thus my great grandfather was Chittampalam Gardiner), ~~lived at my uncle's in Darley Road.~~ ^{Anton and I} Separated by a distance of a hundred yards, ~~we~~ ^{called} ~~ourselves~~ ^{The Vagabond Pair} after Dumas' The Musketeers, I mean the book, and not the film (I went to the cinema almost daily, sometimes two theatres a day which was easy since my uncle Sir Chittampalam Gardiner owned nearly all the cinemas all over the island - at the Regal Theatre, ^{if they saw me enter,} they put on my Eclipse disc with the song I wrote when I was 16 during the interval) ~~if they saw me in the audience~~. I even composed a song The Vagabond Pair for us to sing (and that was after the film) which my younger brother Thuraisingham roars out in ~~his~~ his great baritone in London today.

banished them to
The North -

of Brahman.

And it was thus that I became a true Fitzrovia like my dear friends Augustus John, Roy Campbell, Gavin Maxwell, Elizabeth Smart or Kathleen Raine, all of whom used to visit Fitzrovia with me. But I had had it in my soul a very long time ago. When I was 14 and lived in 1 Forbes Road, Colombo and my cousin, Anton ~~Gardiner~~ Gardiner (~~was~~ a real Ceylonese name : the British wouldn't give us a University ~~in spite~~ of the ~~great fight~~ put up my my relative Sir Ramanathan but the Americans gave us one in Jaffna and added on the Bostonian names to the graduate's real name - thus my great-grandfather was Chittampalam Gardiner) ~~although my relative Sir Ramanathan put up a great fight - today's University of Ceylon stands on the site he chose -but the Americans~~ ~~gave~~ ^{Now} ^{English} us one, in Jaffna, and added on the Bostonian names to the graduate's real name -thus my great grandfather was Chittampalam Gardiner) lived at my uncle's in Darley Road, separated by a distance of about a hundred yards, we called ourselves The Vagabond Pair after Dumas' The Three Musketeers, I mean the book and not the film (I went to the cinema almost daily, sometimes two theatres a day which was easy since my uncle Sir Chittampalam Gardiner owned nearly all the cinemas all over the island - at the Regal Theatre/^{they} put on my Eclipse disc with the ~~16xxxxxxldx~~ song I wrote when I was 16 during the interval if they saw me in the audience). I even composed a song The Vagabond ~~for~~ Pair for us to sing (and that was after the film) which my younger brother Thuraisingham roars out in his great baritone in London today.

Anton and I accompanied each other home, those one hundred yards ^{between our two houses,} every night, chatting, often until four or five in the morning since we really did not want to be separated. We did this during the day as well and ^{on} one of those days ^{Anton} ~~he~~ produced a poem that he had written for me to look at and ~~this~~ it read:

So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving
~~And the morning was made for thinking~~
And the day returns too soon,

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more ~~xxx~~ a roving
By the light of the moon.

Deeply moved I ^{in me} immediately put my arm round him and said "Anton, you are a much better poet than I". It took me a couple of years, ~~I think~~, before I discovered that Byron had written it, probably basing it on a Scots original. ~~xxxxxx~~ The blighter ^{Anton} had turned the tables on me, cunningly, and I couldn't charge him with deception since it was I ~~the~~ G.K. Chesterton, founder of the Chestertonian Coffee Club, at ^{my college,} St. Joseph's College, Colombo, who had made him ~~xxx~~ Byron in my Club ^{and I wrote this poem by Byron} where I was Percy Bysshe Shelley in my private capacity and lectured to them in rhymed verse, ex tempore. ^{in iambic pentameters.} ~~I must have been a bore, but it was fun.~~ It was great fun.

Tony replaced Anton for me in London and thus it was that I used to ~~xxxxxx~~ exhort Tony and others to come with me to Fizrovia, a roving in Redversian fashion. In the same way as Alan Ross, the editor of The London Magazine of today used to shout in the blitzkrieg, in utter darkness, "Come to 8 New Row, Come to 8 New ~~xxxxxx~~ Row!" which, as I said, was my address at the time, off St. Martin's Lane. The fact that the name ^{persists} ~~persists~~ does not surprise me because of the unity of ~~xxxxxx~~ spirit and atmosphere which made it unique in the London of my days. Even the American G.I., as we called him, Julius Horwitz, has perfectly captured the spirit of the place with great clarity and truthfulness and ^a presented us with true portraits of people I knew. It is one of the best books to come out of the last war.

I had ^{one} ~~the~~ surprising experience of the capability of survival ^{some} ~~some~~ term ~~one~~ had coined for one's own convenience before I left London. I had

I had another surprising experience 'of the survival of ~~another~~
a second term I had ~~during the war~~ used during the war to describe
~~the~~ a pub in Rathbone Street. I had just returned from ~~the Cotswolds~~
~~from Elizabeth Fairclough's~~ ^{Chipping Campden} place, in Chipping Campden, where Stephen and Inez
Spender had honeymooned the previous fortnight.

I had another surprising experience of the survival of a second term I had used during the war to describe a pub in Rathbone Street. I had just returned ~~after~~ ^{from} my honeymoon with Jaqueline Stanley, from Elizabeth Fairclough's place, in Chipping Campden, where Stephen and Inez Spender had honeymooned the previous fortnight. It was in Chipping Campden that I ^{had} discovered my first 'country pub' in Jackie's ~~and~~ ~~Tchaikovsky's grand-daughter's~~ company. . .

After a certain hour in the evening, The Wheatsheaf, The Fitzroy
and The Black Horse had an overload of people and it was time ~~in~~ for us to
move on. I did so to ~~this pub in Rathbone Street which is~~
the continuation of Rathbone Place after it curves around The
Marguess of Granby towards The Duke of York. It was a "beer only" ~~bar~~
one-room bar on the left side of the street, ~~which was~~ almost denuded
of people, except for a few workmen, and their friends, and it reminded me
of the ^{"country"} pubs of the Cotswolds. So, when the tensions and traffic rose,
with the smoke and noise, it was time for me to make a ^{secret} rendezvous with
my friends at The Country Pub. It became a regular habit with us and
since the ^{pubcrawl} ~~pubcrawl~~ was a well-timed affair we all got to know where we
could find each other at any time of the day, or evening, even before and
after pub hours, since night-clubs, restaurants and cafes were ~~partly~~
~~the~~ beads in the smokey necklace of the pubcrawl. My pubcrawl
varied from ^{period to period} ~~time to time~~ but ~~the~~ most romantic was the one which
included Margot Foteyn, Moira Shearer, Bobby Helpmann and Constant
Lambert at the New Theatre right ~~opposite~~ opposite my own 8 New Rew.
I slipped for fifteen minutes ~~or more~~, depending on the state of my
and the availability of valuable drinking hours in pub or club
inevitably slipping half-a-crown (2s.6d.) to the usher and stand behind
the last ^{rank of seats} ~~the last seats~~ or sit in the front row, as I pleased. Once Constance
bowing to his ~~audience~~ audience, to their applause, head bobbing up and
town and and I told him, "Dear old Constance is bowing to our presence," it
was part of the music, party of the ballet, part of our entry. And that
night they performed my friend Edith's Facade, I pretended to be an ^{club party for me}

kinds were generally worn over one or both shoulders thus providing for an easily enfoldable protection in the case of sudden cold spells, especially in the winter. The method of two garments, of which one is generally not worn, or carried as a fold only, is ^a characteristic adaptation to the quickly changing temperature and sudden spells of the otherwise tropical climate of South Asia. The beauty of well-trained and sun-tanned chest and shoulders was further ~~enhanced~~ stressed by the frequent use of white flower garlands, or shining metal jewellery, on the bare skin. In that way aesthetic ~~proportion~~ proportion was concentrated on the natural beauty of proportion, line and colour of the human body, rather than on the ~~display~~ display of costly material in unnatural shapes, such as have been characteristically developed in the dress fashions of Europe, northern Asia, including classical China and ~~Japan~~ Japan.... thereby upsetting the body's inner harmony and meaning. If man was made in the image of God, the South Asian artist has perceived something of the divine in the ~~proportions~~ proportions and positions of the human body which do not bear heavy clothing. Buddhist and contemporary Hindu sculpture reached certainly the peak of utilization of the human body as a symbol for the eternal." * Besides ^{hands, no} the Indians had inhibitions about the human figure, in which they saw only the divine. In their worship of Woman they worshipped entire creation, which is something we shall return to later.

According to ~~the~~ Epics, ^{also} a beautiful woman is vaulted in six places; according to the Epics, at the back of the ~~neck~~ hands, the top of the feet, ~~the breasts~~ the belly, the breasts, buttocks and eyes; she has seven things fine and delicate: skin, hair, fingers, toes, and the joints of fingers and toes; three things deep: voice, character, navel; five things red: palm of hand, corner of the eye, palate, tongue and lips. A similar catalogue of charms ⁱⁿ given of the heroine Draupadi by Queen Sudeshna: "Her ankles do not stand out(?), ~~and~~ and her thighs are firm and hard. Three things in her are deep (voice, understanding and navel), six high-arched (nose, eyes, ears, nails, breasts, the joint of the neck), five red (the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, the corners of the eyes, the tongue, the nails); she speaks unclearly as the swan, her brows and eyes are round-arched, red as the bimba-fruit

are her lips, her neck is like shell, her veins are hidden, her face is like the full moon, and so on. Glorious she is as a mare from Kashmir."

In the Epics too we find the earliest mention of ^{the idea popular among} ~~a popular idea of the~~ ^{that} ~~the Indian poets that~~ ^{should} ~~a woman~~ ^{walk} ~~should have the graceful carriage of an~~ elephant: %

And so the Lotus-Eyed One, to Him of the lotus eyes
Walked up, with the proud step of the elephant,
And the Dark One, with tear-filled eyes, spoke to him The Dark One.

^{The Mahabharata.} ^{that people who do not know him,} Though the elephant is considered clumsy by ~~people who least know him,~~ no doubt because of his large size and weight, he is as graceful as a ballerina ^{and slowly} as anyone who has seen ~~walk~~ him walk, slowly, majestically, ^{prettily} along the narrow bund of a rice-field will know. ^{For Indian poets} ~~he is so much~~ a symbol of ~~beauty and symmetry~~ ^{grace} strength and symmetry ^{in Indian} and that women's ~~arms~~ ^{have often been} arms and thighs, ~~beauty and symmetry~~ ^{are often} compared to elephant's. The soft and graceful gait of an Indian woman is likened to that of an elephant's trunk. Her effortless, graceful walk ^{is like an elephant's} ^{in the East,} where ~~women's~~ woman's garments permit freedom of movement and sympathetic

co-operation of the muscular system this is an apt comparison. In the West the natural swing of the hips, only possible in conjunction with the free, lithe play of the muscles of the foot and torso, ^{is} ~~is~~ restricted and becomes jerky... The elephant has an exquisite sense of balance and most supple joints, and can even make obeisance with profound dignity." %

F.H. Andrews, Journal of Indian Art, X, 52.

% "A woman, ~~beauty~~ beautiful both in the formation and development of her person, and walking with her full and rounded thighs and hips, in the gait of a she-elephant in rut, and possessing eyes agile and full of desire like those of a pigeon intoxicated with the wine of youth, should be deemed specially fortunate..", Agni Purana, tr. by Manmatha Nath Dutt, Calcutta 1904.

As to carriage and deportment, attention was paid to voice which should be soft and musical. The Ratira-hasyam (c.2nd Century) and Ananga Ranga (c.15th Century) ^{as the best of the four types mentioned} in commending the Lotus and Art-Type of woman/compare their voices to the swan's and the peacocks. Indian poet's admired the voice of the peacock ~~because of its pitch~~ because of its pitch. Though the voice of the peacock is not sweet, poet's admired it because of its pitch.

the ideal voice has much also been defined. with care
* as we have seen 7 (a)
(as we have seen, the fair one has these things deep, "will, character & navel")
As to carriage and deportment, attention was paid to the voice. The most
admired seems to have been the "husky" voice, -soft, low and musical, and the

poet says "her sweet voice spoke unclearly as the swan's." (The Ratira-hasyam
(c.2nd Century) and Ananga Ranga (c.15th) in commending the Lotus and Art-type
of woman as the best among the four types mentioned ~~and~~ compare their voices to
the swan's and the peacocks. Though they are by no means sweet the poets ^{have} admired
them
~~the voices of the swan and of the peacock because of their pitch. It is for this~~
reason the ~~ideal~~ voice has also been compared to a parrot's:

The ineffable sweetness of your words seems the voice of a parrot caged in
your throat,

And so the God of Love has placed the bimba % fruit as your nether lip ~~just~~
just to tempt that bird from within.

Muka: Arya Satakam.

*The Mimordica Monadelphica is a fruit about two inches long; when ripe it becomes
vermilion-red.

~~The Indian woman was of course fond of cosmetics~~ In common with her
~~civilized sisters all over the world~~ ~~From the most ancient times we find~~
~~various fards were used to keep the complexion clear and translucent.~~

Even now

She is present to me on her bed
 Balmed with the exhalation of a flattering musk,
 Rich with the curdy essence of sandal.

Mud-packs for the face were ^{used in use} ~~in use~~ during the time of the Buddha, and Ananaga
 Ranga besides ^{mentioning different} ~~various~~ beauty creams for the face describes ^{various hair-oils and dyes} ~~remedies for~~
^{and} ~~for the removal of pimples,~~ ~~some~~ ^{hair oils and dyes,} ~~some~~ ^{skin skin} astringents, ~~and~~
^{and} ~~depilatories.~~ ^{and remedies for the removal of pimples, freckles etc.} The place of lipstick in her toilet was taken by the shell of
 green walnuts, betel leaf, or the bark of the walnut tree. As early as the
 1st century B.C. we find a poetess singing: "I rose and broke a branch of dadali
 and reddened my lips with the sap". Nails were coloured ^{red with henna and} pink with myrrh, or
 leaves of roses steeped in ~~winegar~~ ^{or red with henna.}

When she puts henna on her hands and dives in the river
 One would think one saw fire twisting and running in the water.

The soles ~~coloured~~ of the feet were ~~were~~ reddened with scented lac, and very
 pretty they look nowadays too, ~~since~~ since the custom persists. The Indian
 perfumes, mention of which we find in the Epics were of course exotic. There
 were perfumes for different hours of the day, for different seasons, for different
 kinds of dresses, ^{and} for different types of women. To quote ^{from the Guide Book of Beauty} Mrs Krishna
 Rautheesingh, the ~~rai~~ cool attar of Keora is a well-known perfume for the
 summer morning, and goes with summer dresses and a fair, slim form with a
 reflective temperament. The attar of roses is suited to mid-day, goes well with
 velvet and reflects to advantage a vivacious, dark brown, full face. The delicate
 attars of Motia and Chambeli are ~~suit~~ suited to the shades of the afternoon and
 the evening, violet, blue or green dresses. And they become mature women of
 thirty or forty. The fascinating aroma of Mohsary is subtly conducive to rest
 in the tense, heavy Indian summer. It goes with rustling silks... The attar of
 Kasturi is appropriate for the hours of work, and should be used on yellow or
 saffron robes. It is specially suited to men and women who profess the arts which
 require deep meditation.
 The attar Champa is a perfume for the open air and the garden..is young and innocent.

The attar of Henna is a sports scent. The attar Fitna goes with highly emotional natures, The attar Pantiz is a gay and naughty perfume with an active and tingling freshness, etc etc. *The attar Hash evokes a feminine emotion like that aroused by flowing water, music or any pure form, hinged with a faint uneasiness:*

Even now

She is present to me on her beds,
Balmed with the exhalation of a flattering musk,
Rich with the curdy essence of santal;
Girl with eyes dazing as the seeded wine,
Showing as a par of gentle nut-hatches
Kissing each other with their bills, each hidden
By turns within a little grasping mouth.

As for the mode of dressing the the Ajanta frescoes, the sculptures, the classical poets and the Epics show that silks, garlands of pearls, ~~and~~ precious stones, or flowers were used in such a way as to emphasize the symmetry of the form. Jewellery was used in the hair, ~~eyes~~ ears, nose, around the neck and waist, arms and ~~wrist~~ wrists, ~~the waist, the~~ ankles;

She appears like a flash of lightning;
Crowns of gold with rubies and diamonds set and countless pearls,
Many a row of pearls is gleaming,
Many an ankle twinkling,
Many a wreath of gems on her neck,
Diamonds and rubies threaded fair!
A ~~slender~~ slender waist is decked with bells,
Heart-ensnaring the ring in her nose!
Heavy tresses braided well
Where ~~strings~~ strings of jewels are woven in.
Beautiful rubies swing in her ears,
Bracelets yeild delight;
Here there is worn a silken robe,
There are folds that make it fair.

Anon. 8th Cent. A.D.

And ~~there was of course~~ there was of course the red spot of kum-kum, or spot of andal-paste on the forehead that is to this day worn by Indian women:

Fair-face, red-brow-spot, ~~there~~ there -
Behind the heavy jet-black hair -

Vidyapati.

And now we come to the position of woman in Indian society. ~~The position of woman~~

~~their~~ Their power and influence in ancient times must have been great to guess ~~survive~~ from the matriarchal societies that still ~~exist~~ in certain parts of India. Under

such a system, it is matrilinear descent that is considered important, and

~~inheritance~~ inheritance of property is through the mother. The identity of a

father may be in doubt, but not the mother's, and therefore a man is considered

to be closely related to his sister's son, but not to his own. ^{It is clear that she must have been} She ~~was~~ ^{is} all-powerful ^{in India} at one time. ^{as we have seen} In the earlier pre-Aryan societies, Woman was also worshipped in the ideal of the Mother Goddess in India, Persia and the Aegean. The worship is persists today in India where she has various names like Kali, Amba, Durga and Devi Mata. She is also worshipped popularly as Sakti, or Female Energy which symbolises the whole universe and which has been ~~transformed~~ transformed in the temples into the personification of the yoni (womb), which is the counterpart of the Linga or phallus of Shiva. The worship of Sakti or Saktism is the prevailing religion of modern Bengal. ^{The persistence of the worship in India of Kali, Amba, Durga & Devi Mata, all various names for woman, is also a pointer towards the fact that she must have been all-powerful at one time.} Though Goddesses play an insignificant part in the early Aryan hymns, the later hymns in the Rik-Veda and ~~the~~ ^{the whole} collections of the other three Vedas which had probably by then come under the influence of the indigenous Dravidian culture award a high place ^{to} for woman. She is the counterpart of God, the form through ~~which~~ which energy finds expression. She is Aditi, symbol of the whole world of nature, ~~the common mother of gods and men~~ ^{and} ^{as} she is the common mother of gods and men. She is ^{an} a honoured and equal part of every marriage with freedom to choose her husband from a multitude of ~~suitors~~ suitors in the ceremony of swayamvara, where after ~~physical~~ physical and intellectual competitions among the suitors she garlands the man of her choice, even as the Lord Buddha's ^{Indi} wife did to him in her ^{own} swayamvara.

^{In time, however, the fusion of Dravidian and Aryan ideals of womanhood produced the typically} The fusion of Dravidian and Aryan ideals of womanhood ^{however} resulted in the ^{typical} modern Indian view. As it is put in the Mahabharata:

A wife is half the man, the best of friends;
The root of the family and its perpetuity,
The source of well-being....
Wives are friends in the wilderness
Soothing with their gentle talk;
Like fathers in the serious trials of life,
Like mothers, they ^{become} become, in times of hardship;
Succour to the traveller lost in the wilderness ^{wilds} wilds
Wives ^{become} grant the best of havens in life....
Though irritated by a slight
Never should man give pain to her
Who has been his delight:
Rather should he consider ^{his} his
His happiness, his joy, ^{his} and happiness ^{derived from} are dependent on her
And the fulfilment of all his duties.
The wife is the constant and sacred source of life,
For without her,
Could the sages, even, themselves
Have given ~~her~~ birth to a child?

The Mahabharata c. 3rd Century B.C.

MINE IS NOT A SONG OF LAUGHTER

Mine is not a song of laughter ^{or} and mirth,
^{Freshening} Refreshing ^{weary} weary limbs;

Mine is a stroke on the harp of fire
That ^{unites} ~~unifies~~ the quick ^{and} and the dead.

My song is an ^{Rising} ~~endless~~ heat ^{a continual} and
Issuing from a hundred blazing losses, insults, humiliations;

It is the ^{in candescence} ~~fiery~~ vapour
^{captive} Steaming from the ^{stifled} ~~stifled~~ energy of the soul.

Mine is ^{the} a song of gods and devils

Sung over the ^{ocean's churning} ~~churning~~ of the ocean for nectar;

It is a song over the drinking of ~~Krakata~~ ^{Kalakuta} poison
To ^{be come the} ~~become~~ a conqueror of Death.

It is the pouring out of the generous blood

To worship the feet of the Mother;

It is the healing word

That welds ^{one} ~~welds~~ brawling (bickering) brothers at a breath.

It is the self-denying thought

That ^{banishing} ~~dispels~~ meanness, cowardice, helplessness;

It is the common seal

That ^{imparts} ~~imprints~~ one form, one colour, one expression.

It is the voice of ^{shrivelling} ~~humanity~~ scarified humanity

Under ^a ~~a~~ mountain load of insults; ^{wrought} ~~decision~~

It is the voice of pride incarnate

That ^{Despising} ~~despises~~ the vanity of oppressors.

It is the deep ^{grave} ~~gravid~~ stroke

That awakens sleeping life;

Man's lost possessions.

Of the humiliation of Divinity in man;
Of the Divinity-in-man's humiliation;

warming
-stirring desire
~~saving~~ saving
salvage of life.

sweated It is ^athe

~~August 1891~~

~~That laughs to scorn the humiliators of mankind.~~

Washing away the ~~pus~~ of a hundred wounds;

It is the voice of the mother calling her children
to catch the greatness of ~~his~~ life.

~~Expense~~ ~~find~~ ~~catch~~

Birinchi Kumar Barua and T. Tambimuttu

Let me create food for them.
He responded himself: Here now are moths and moth-eaten things.

DISPATCHES PREPARED BY THE CENTRAL

POETRY



Meary James Thambimuttu

4.
to the monks, 'Gather up Bāhiya Dārucīriya's body, monks, place it on a bed, carry it out, burn it, and make a tope for it; ~~for~~ a companion of yours in the life of purity, monks, has died'.

'Yes, Venerable Sir' assented the monks, and, gathering up Bāhiya Dārucīriya's body and placing it on a bed, they carried it out, burnt it, and made a tope for it. Then they went up to the Auspicious One, paid homage, and sat at one side. When they were seated they said to the Auspicious One, 'Bāhiya Dārucīriya's body, Venerable Sir, has been cremated, and a tope made for it. What is his destiny? What is his future state?'.

'Bāhiya Dārucīriya, monks, was intelligent; he practised in accordance with the Doctrine; and he did not worry me with questions about the Doctrine. Bāhiya Dārucīriya, monks, is extinct.'

Then the Auspicious One, concluding, on that occasion exclaimed:

'Where there is no foothold
For earth, fire, water, or air,
There, is seen no starlight,
And there, the sun does not burn,
There, no more the moon shines,
And there, no darkness is found.
When, with his own wisdom,
The wise man, the Brāhman, has seen,
Then, from form and formless,
From pleasure and pain, he is freed.'

These words too, exclaimed by the Auspicious One, I heard thus.

(Udāna, I, 10)

①

The foxes are dancing at the Mearns

The green dragons are having a very good time
The green dragons are massed for a prancing.
They go tick-tock, like any old clock
The green dragons are advancing on Mother,

ABOUT ME

Take this laboratory bowl for instance,
It's pure porcelain. That egg-rack there
Pure card-board. It's just two and two together
~~And make four, See?~~

Walt Whitman walking down Brooklyn Bridge
looking for a whale was accosted by a beetle
in a top-hat looking for him.

"What do you want Mr. Whitman?" said the Beetle

"Oh nothing," said Mr. Whitman.

"Tut! Tut!" said the beetle, "~~what are we~~
~~earning for.~~"

Marianne Moore, measuring distances in Brooklyn
Highlights with a theodolite

~~was grossly disturbed by a man in a black~~
~~was perturbed to see a man make a~~
wee-wee on the side-walks

"Look, young man," said she "these are places
and places."

"For every proper thing to be done, as should be"

But Mr. Sarsaparilla was a cure for the
unmentionable

(That is when the Americans first came to say
hello and how-do-you-do to the Americans)
Went to London and Paris, France to say hello
to the natives there

And, we are told, mind you, it may only be

(2)

hearsay, met his death, after living to ^a hundred
and sixty.

Mr Lambottom (pronounced Lamboston) who was the
head of his class at Harvard
thought he would ^{like} to meet Mr Allen Ginsberg the
famous Indian Confucianist ~~poet~~ ^{and} mimic
and ~~character~~ ^{and} as a party
of Quoted Mr Lambottom when he ^{he} held (the
appearing of Mr Ginsberg

"How extraordinary, most extraordinary."

To tell you another story, and I hope ^I ~~it~~ wait
till the ladies ~~may be told~~ ^{often} (And this is a story that has ^{often} been told)

Then was a young man of Messapeia who
just loved to sit
In a lady's box to ponder on the
cruelty of fate.

That is the end of what I have to say, except
to add that

I am most displeased with what I have had
to say,

But not every body has a story to tell and once

You may be ^{quite} ~~damned~~ sure you've made a
damned fool of yourself.

On New Year's
Eve

"I've had to close the Ark Lab," Tim says.